

TIME

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

JAZZ: Bebop and Beyond*Sonni Chalkin*JAZZMAN
THELONIOUS MONK

VOL. 83 NO. 9

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

YOUR ISLAND OF FUN FOR 5 LEISURELY DAYS



JOIN THE WELL-TRAVELED PEOPLE WHO SAIL TO EUROPE ON THE WORLD'S FASTEST SHIP



The incomparable Hildegard, chanteuse of the world's smart supper clubs, loves to sail on the s.s. America.



Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Carl enjoy life on s.s. United States. He is Chairman of Atlantic Products Corporation.



Mrs. Reed Albee, well known in the theater world, is a regular traveler on the elegant s.s. United States.



Mr. Leon Cherksey, Chairman of Amchem Products, Ambler, Pa., has made many crossings with us.

Imagine yourself on the deck of the s.s. United States! You came aboard to the tinkle and gaiety of a bon voyage party. You waved goodbye and watched this great ship move out from the pier . . . and slowly turn toward Europe.

You lingered over a superbly prepared dinner last night. You danced in a softly lit ballroom. You slept late in a bed that felt as though it were made for royalty. This morning you're refreshed by a plunge in the salt water pool. You've discovered that a game in this champagne-like air is one of the world's

finest tonics. And these are only a few of the pleasures that make s.s. United States the meeting ground of some of the most traveled people on earth.

The s.s. America is equally popular and lets you spend two extra days at sea. Whether you are going to Europe on pleasure or business, there is no more luxurious or restful way to travel than on one of these two great ships.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT. Fares are lowest in the Thrift Season with additional 10% reduction on round trips, even if one way is by air.

S.S. UNITED STATES
S.S. AMERICA

UNITED STATES LINES





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One of the nice things about owning it is selling it.

A new Volkswagen doesn't depreciate wildly the minute you turn the key.

In a sense, the older it gets the more valuable it gets.

So that in 5 years, the same VW will be worth more than some 5-year-old cars that cost twice as much to begin with.

Old VWs are worth a lot because a lot

of people want them.

One reason is that it takes a real car nut to tell a clean used one from a new one.

VWs always look like VWs.

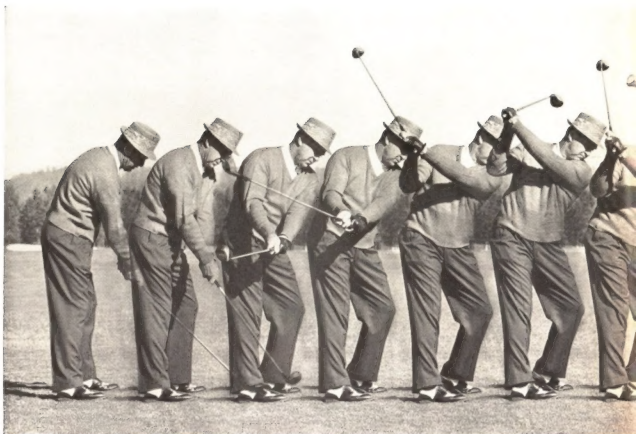
Another reason is that they hold up.

A VW is put together so well, it's practically airtight. It helps to open a window to close a door. Even on old ones.

And, new VW or old, there's all that nice money you keep saving on gas, oil, tires, insurance and repairs.

So you can get a nice price for it. (If something forces you to sell.)

It's the kind of economy that people are willing to pay an arm and a leg for.



Sam Snead swings a Wilson Staff wood and feels a great golf shot coming, even before impact.

Get the power feel of new

Exclusive Strata-Bloc woods give you a new confident feel of power and control—even before you hit the ball!

REMEMBER your one longest golf shot? You felt it was right from the start of your backswing, knew it even before the club head met the ball.

1964 is the year to recapture that same confidence on every shot. It's the same bold confidence you feel when you swing the new Wilson Staff woods. These are exclusive Strata-Bloc® woods, pioneered for power golf by Wilson. Strata-Bloc is constructed of fine layers of sugar maple, bonded together, with the tough end-grains of the wood directed toward the ball to give added thrust for maximum distance.

Strata-Bloc has every advantage of natural wood (liveliness, resilience, feel). But Strata-Bloc adds advantages that wood in its natural state can never achieve (balance, uniform density and

durability). Wilson's exclusive Aquatite bonding process seals out moisture, seals in perfect balance. This powerful club head will never warp, swell or split.

You can feel the perfect balance of every wood in the set too, for Wilson Staff is first with every shaft perfectly matched, in flex-action, to the individual weight of each Strata-Bloc head.

Get the power feel of the 1964 model Wilson Staff woods, available only through golf professional shops. These are the same clubs used in every tournament by Sam Snead, Billy Casper, Julius Boros and the other members of the winning Wilson Advisory Staff.

The feel is so great, you're bound to improve your game.

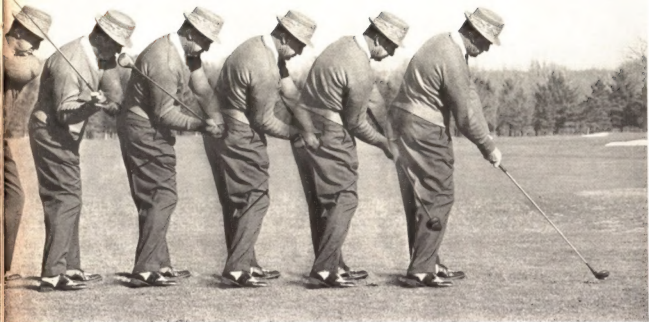
Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago.
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)



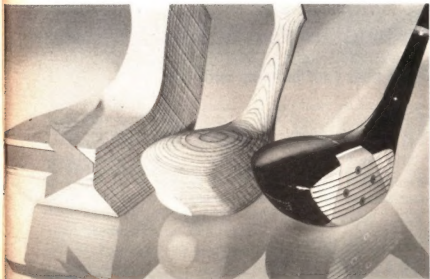
First truly-matched set. See how each Wilson Staff-Pro shaft is matched in flex-action to the weight of its club head.



Half-matched sets. See how most other club makers fit identical shafts into club heads of different weight and loft.



Wilson Staff woods



PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

A PROGRESSIVE PAST - A GOLDEN FUTURE



Wilson's exclusive Strata-Bloc construction directs the tough end grains of wood against the ball to form the most powerful club head in the game today.



Photo courtesy Turner Construction Co.

Our man in space has found a way to heat your building with light

Could this General Electric concept save you money in your next building?

We call it "Electrical Space Conditioning." It involves good lighting coordinated with a building's heating and cooling system.

Simply, we take the heat from fluorescent lamps and circulate it to warm the building in the winter. By using this concept, many busi-

nesses have cut the overall costs of heating. Cooling costs, too, can be reduced through more efficient handling of the heat. In addition, the cooler operating fluorescents deliver 10% to 15% more light—saving even more money.

Whatever your business, no one can give you more help with your lighting problems than General Electric. Be-

cause no one can give you so many types of lamps, application ideas, packaging ideas and services to help you use light more profitably. For more information on Electrical Space Conditioning or any lighting need, see your Large Lamp Agent. Or write General Electric Company, Large Lamp Department C-409, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

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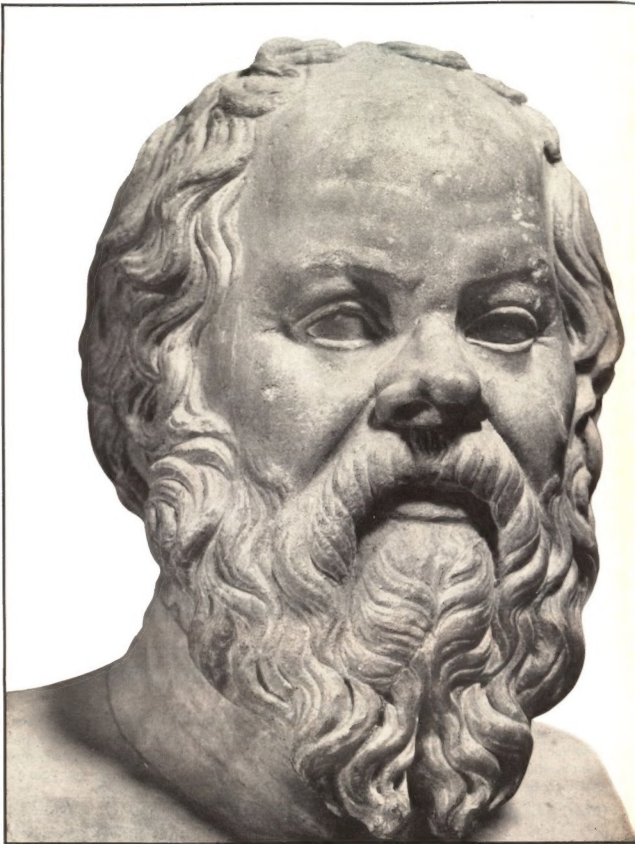
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let **HERTZ** put you in the driver's seat!



You may use your HERTZ AUTO-matic Charge Card, Air Travel or other accredited charge card...and the new Hertz Revolving Credit Plan lets you rent now/pay later.



Socrates was an irritant. He described himself as a gadfly to Athens, a small, stinging force that helped keep it moving.

We often perform the same service for television. TV Guide magazine is a commentary on the things interested people see on television and want to know more about. We entertain and inform. We also can sting. When we disagree with something, we say so.

The gadfly keeps things moving.

This approach keeps a huge audience loyal—a magazine audience. You'll find little difference in the average hours of television viewing per day among most major mass magazine households, TV Guide households included.

We talk to a dual audience of nearly 20 million adults. They read every week, cover to cover. Our bias is toward youth, toward the people who are most likely to buy your product. Our readers buy more insurance, cars, homes and appliances than the readers of Look, Life or Post do. Time and again, they give our advertisers better Starch ratings per ad than any other magazine can offer.

And you can reach twice as many of these active, acquisitive people for your money as you can in Look, Life or Post.

We invite you to join our growing list of advertisers. We'll help keep you moving.

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT OUR MAGAZINE

TV GUIDE magazine guarantees a circulation of 8½ million families; it currently delivers 9,300,000 weekly. TV GUIDE reaches well over five million young married readers—more than any other magazine published. Compared with Look, Life and Post, TV GUIDE reaches more families with children, more families with automobiles, and more families who spend \$200 or more on household furnishings per year. The median income of TV GUIDE households is \$7503. TV GUIDE offers two to three times more primary readers per advertising dollar than any other mass weekly or biweekly.

Source: Starch Consumer Magazine Report, 1963



America's Biggest
Selling Weekly Magazine



Word of mouth!



Why the trend to Teacher's Scotch?

ILLUSTRATION: MURRAY • IN PROSE • SCHENKMAN & CO., NEW YORK

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, February 26

CHRONICLE (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* A tour of Manhattan's 75-year-old theatrical institution, the Players Club, with Howard Lindsay, Dennis King, Jason Robards Jr. and Marc Connelly.

Friday, February 28

THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). A satirical topical revue that has found occasional teeth after a disappointingly gummy premiere.

CAROL AND COMPANY (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Carol Burnett and Robert Preston in a musical variety special.

Saturday, February 29

THE SAGA OF WESTERN MAN—1898 (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Third in a series of four specials centering on important years in history, this one about the winning of the West, the Spanish-American War, and Teddy Roosevelt.

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). "Meal Ticket." Budd (What Makes Sammy Run?) Schulberg's first TV script.

Sunday, March 1

DISCOVERY (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). Second part of a visit to Moscow, including children's ballet classes, the Obratsov puppets, Popov the clown, and performing animals.

ISSUES AND ANSWERS (ABC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Howard K. Smith interviews Senator Margaret Chase Smith on her candidacy for the presidency.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "The Agony of Austria," a re-counting of the 1938 Anschluss, featuring an interview with Kurt von Schuschnigg, who was Austrian Chancellor when the Nazis annexed the country, now is a professor at St. Louis University.

BRITAIN: THE CHANGING GUARD (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A news special on the revolution in Britain's class structure.

Tuesday, March 3

OUR MAN IN WASHINGTON (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). David Brinkley's view of "high-society foreign policy," with film clips of J.F.K., Jackie Kennedy, Dean Rusk, Earl Warren, Bobby Kennedy and others.

THEATER

On Broadway

RUGANTINO, an Italian-language musical with English titles suspended over the stage, is a pleasant Broadway novelty. Its bawdry is innocent, its humor earthy, its girls look blessedly like girls, and its picaresque hero is forever outwitting himself.

AFTER THE FALL. In a play dexterously staged by Elia Kazan to represent the ebb and flow of events in memory, Playwright Arthur Miller examines the women who (he believes) have done him wrong and the wrongs he did them. The play's closeness to Miller's life belongs more properly to exhibitionism than to art, and it is naggingly self-absorbed in the importance of being Arthur.

DYLAN. In his final years, Dylan Thomas mourned in drink the distance between himself and the height of his poetic pow-

* All times E.S.T.

If you read
a newsmagazine
you should own



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TIME, FEBRUARY 28, 1964



Vatican guards left, Acropolis center, Dutch windmill right. See all three on KLM's "21 days for \$99" plan. Clip coupon.

Fly to Europe with reliable KLM—every KLM jet gets a 1000-mile test flight after every major overhaul

(Read on for more news about reliable KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch)

BEFORE you choose a spring vacation, you probably want to know a little about the people who will fly you to Europe.

Here are some comforting facts about KLM. They explain why so many experienced travelers say that the careful, punctual Dutch have made KLM the most reliable airline to Europe.

KLM engineers baby their jets

1. Every time a KLM jet logs three thousand flying hours, KLM engineers strip it down and overhaul each part. They're so finicky, they even keep hangar doors closed to shut out dust.
2. By the time KLM engineers put the jet together again, it's almost as new as when it left the factory in California. Just to be sure, one of KLM's senior captains then takes it up for a vigorous 1000-mile test flight.
3. Before every KLM jet takes off, the flight engineer double-checks 369 points. Diligent fellow. He even inspects the coffee machines. Until he is satisfied that the jet is in tip-top condition, KLM will not allow it to leave.
4. There are two canny flight engineers on every KLM jet. And three pilots. That means you have five KLM ex-

perts up front to fly you to Europe.

KLM is famous for other things besides reliability. For example: wonderful tour values like KLM's "21 days for \$99" plan.

"21 days in Europe for \$99"

This tour plan lets you make up your own itinerary, set your own pace. But you pay only \$99 for 21 days. This covers hotels (not the fanciest, but clean and comfortable), breakfasts and sight-seeing trips. This amazing plan is available until March 31 only. So see your travel agent soon.

Here's another of KLM's exceptional tour bargains: a KLM air-sea cruise

that gives you 21 days in Italy, Greece, Turkey and Holland. It saves you at most \$400 if you leave before March 26. See your travel agent for details. Or clip the coupon below for a copy of KLM's new tour brochure.

New 24-page color brochure

"KLM Sun and Fun Vacations" lists 9 new KLM tours and air land-sea cruises. It also tells you how you can visit extra cities for no extra air fare, how to earn a free tour as a tour conductor.

Clip coupon now for your free copy of this illustrated brochure.



KLM technician uses endoscope to check engine. Device lets him see around corners, to make sure all parts run smoothly.

Please send me the new 24-page color brochure called "KLM Sun and Fun Vacations," including details of KLM's "21 days for \$99" plan.

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 Miss
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 City Zone State

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1004

If you're satisfied with
the office girls your
agency sends you,
please go on reading
your magazine...



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If the girls look much better than they work. If they show up late or not at all. If your employment agency sends you helpless office help, please read on. ☐ Maybe you've heard of us already, American Girl Service, with the accent on the service. We're the one that satisfies dissatisfied customers. ☐ We are personnel problem-solvers. We know our business and we get to know yours very quickly. You tell us the job you need done. We pick and choose and screen from among 45 job classifications until we've got just the right girl to do that job. And do it right, from the first moment she walks into your office. ☐ Take your choice: Temporary or Permanent. Temporary girls fill in for just a little while. Permanent girls can join your regular office family. ☐ The best office help anywhere is right at your elbow. Just pick up the phone. We would like to serve you.

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200 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.



Whatever happened to galeshes?



ROBERTO KATZMAN

They took to their heels.

With one big bootiful story from Bazaar,

a whole new category of footwear was on the march.

This didn't just happen. Bazaar made it happen, by doing what Bazaar does naturally—by blazing new trails and making them living, breathing fashion realities. If you'd like to blaze a few trails yourself, doesn't it follow that the must-be-seen and seen-in magazine is

B^{OUTIQUE}AZAR
THE TASTE THAT SETS THE TREND



BERMUDA

More fun than you hoped for



Take leave of the humdrum. Come to Great Britain's loveliest Island Colony. You've never loafed on such soft sandy beaches. For golf, there are five championship courses, two interesting nines.

All-weather courts for tennis. Sail among the Islands. Fish inshore or deepsea. See the old town of St. George. Shopping is something special too. Dine and dance to Calypso music or a continental band. Bermuda is only ninety minutes from New York by air. Daily flights by four major airlines. A weekend cruise by ocean liner. See your travel agent or write for booklets to "BERMUDA", 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. • 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Ill. • 111 Richmond St., W. Toronto.

NY4

ers. Sir Alec Guinness is just the actor to show the humor, insight and inner pain of the sinking man.

HELLO, DOLLY! Bold, brassy, breezy Matchmaker Carol Channing winks her way into and out of any plot twist in a handsome musical that dances along exuberantly on the toes of the Gower (Hampton) chorus.

NOBODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS. How to be a charmingly rogish phony is demonstrated by a zany TV writer-producer (Robert Preston) who spouts triple-tongued two-timing dialogue.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. Before the rice is out of their clothes, Newfies Elizabeth Ashley and Robert Redford are into neighbor-in-law and apartment tangles that are joyously unraveled by love, tilts and laughter.

LUTHER. Outraged by clerical abuses and tormented by physical pain, Luther had the strength to struggle with both. In this dramatic portrait, the imagery of his physical infirmities matches the force of his purpose.

Off Broadway

THE LOVER. by Harold Pinter, and **PLAY.** by Samuel Beckett. Pinter's couple let themselves go in uninhibited make-believe adultery, while Beckett's trio drone on bitingly and briefly about their adulterous affair.

THE TROJAN WOMEN. Vanquished and about to be enslaved, the Trojan women eloquently vent their passions, creating a desolating sense of the agony of war and the immutability of man's fate.

IN WHITE AMERICA. A documentary that illuminates today's upheaval in race relations, detailing Negro-white discord from cotton picker and master to civil rights leader and U.S. President.

CINEMA

THE SILENCE. The aberrations of two strange sisters dominate Ingmar Bergman's stark, savage, but cold-blooded drama in which both mind and body struggle to find meaning.

DR. STRANGELOVE, OR HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB. Peter Sellers and George C. Scott in Director Stanley Kubrick's morbidly funny satire on the subject of nuclear war.

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK. The ways of maids and men-about-Manhattan have been explored before, but Jane Fonda, Red Taylor and F. Lill Robertson nip through this will-she-or-won't-she farce with contagious exuberance.

THE FIANCES. From the simple tale of a long-engaged couple enduring a painful separation, Italian Director Ermanno Olmi has created a minor cinema classic.

THE GUEST. On film, Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker* retains much of the eerie fascination it generated onstage. Donald Pleasence repeats his matchless performance as the ravine old derelict whose war with existence may or may not be Everyman's.

POINT OF ORDER. A superior documentary, extracted from TV coverage of the 1954 Army-McCarthy hearings, vividly depicts the fall of Senator Joseph McCarthy.

TO BED OR NOT TO BED. Alberto Sordi plays an Italian fur merchant testing some hopelessly romantic notions about sowing one's oats in Stockholm.

LOVE WITH THE PROPER STRANGER. A Mac's salesgirl (Natalie Wood) hazards a fling with a sometime musician (Steve McQueen), and this tough-minded little

TIME, FEBRUARY 28, 1964

Philco "Woodstock" TV . . . Early American styling, finished to match cherry-wood grain. Illuminated Channel Selector. Out-front sound and controls. Dipole Pivottenna. 19" overall diag. measurement, 172-sq.-in. viewable area. Model # 3600-LCH. Other styles, finishes.



6,321 weather reports from now
you'll still be glad you bought Philco Cool Chassis TV
...that's Philco lasting value



Will it rain, will it shine... will it snow, will it blow? If checking TV weather reports is part of your routine, you could watch well over six thousand of them in the next five years. How will your television set weather these years? If it's a Philco, the prediction looks bright and clear.

Why? Because Philco builds television sets for lasting quality. They have the exclusive patented Cool

Chassis that beats the heat, the major cause of TV breakdowns. Cooling currents of air keep tubes, condensers, transformers and other vital parts cooler — so they last much longer — need less service.

Philco Cool Chassis sets are as troublefree as a TV can be for another reason. We build them so carefully. For example, under the highly styled cabinet of the Philco

"Woodstock," shown above, is rugged copper-engraved circuitry of the type used in space missiles. Every part of every Philco product is designed and built with one idea in mind — to give you lasting value. Not such a bad idea, is it?

PHILCO
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Television Radios Stereo Phonos Home Laundry Refrigerators Ranges Air Conditioners

as long as you're up get me a Grant's®



NY5

Thanks, darling. Why don't you have one, too? We'll have a little party. Umm. Of course it's good. There's a good reason. Grant's is eight years old and I think it takes that long to smooth out a Scotch. Cheers, love.

The choice and cherished 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. Bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported to the United States from Scotland by Austin, Nichols & Co., New York. ©1964 Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.

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Keep the slippers in the closet! These unlined Florsheim shoes you just don't take off 'til bedtime! Soft as the answer that turneth away wrath—light as no shoes at all—crushingly flexible! You're sure to want a pair!

Most Florsheim styles \$19.95 to \$24.95



Top: The SUMMIT, 2101B; hand-sewn front black calf slip-on; driftwood, 41050; perfetto, 41049.
Bottom: The PLATEAU, 21700; hand-sewn front black calf blucher; driftwood, 41737; perfetto, 41736.

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A DIVISION OF INTERSTATE SHOE COMPANY

comedy takes it from there, neatly improvising on a humdrum theme.

HALLELUJAH THE HILLS, U.S. Director Adolfo Meks moves the new cinema a step forward in this promising first feature—an unpredictable mélange of pratfalls, parody and surrealistic farce.

BOOKS Best Reading

An unusual batch of fine literary comedies:

ONE FAT ENGLISHMAN, by Kingsley Amis. A rich, arrogant British libertine comes to an Eastern university town to renew his affair with a faculty wife, is thwarted and discomfited at every turn by the colonials he scorns.

THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL, by John Cheever. In chronicling the calamitous entry of the genteel Wapshot family into the 20th century's mobile society, Novelist Cheever again displays his unique perspective on contemporary American life.

REUBEN, REUBEN, by Peter De Vries. This satire of suburbia has a serious message: the commuter's jargon with its self-analysis and narcissism is not just a cultivated mannerism but a disease.

A FINE MADNESS, by Elliott Baker. A lighthearted novel about Samson Shillito, a poet, souse and womanizer with a talent for anarchy.

THE GOLDEN FRUITS, by Nathalie Sarraute. The publication of an important new book gives Novelist Sarraute the occasion for a witty dissection of cultural toadies and intellectual conformity.

Also two notable items of history:

HITLER: A STUDY IN TYRANNY, by Alan Bullock. Historian Bullock has revised his ten-year-old biography to include new evidence of the tyrant's megalomania. It is still the standard by which other studies of Hitler are to be measured.

COOPER'S CREEK, by Alan Moorehead. The author provides his native Australia with a singularly bitter national myth—the story of two explorers, Burke and Wills, who in 1861 became the first to cross their continent from south to north, and discovered an unsalvageable desert.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Group, McCarthy (1 last week)
2. The Spy Who Came in from the Cold, LeCarré (2)
3. The Venetian Affair, MacInnes (4)
4. The Wapshot Scandal, Cheever (6)
5. The Hat on the Bed, O'Hara (5)
6. The Shoes of the Fisherman, West (3)
7. Corvans, Michener (7)
8. On Her Majesty's Secret Service, Fleming (10)*
9. Take Heed of Loving Me, Vining
10. The Living Reed, Buck (8)

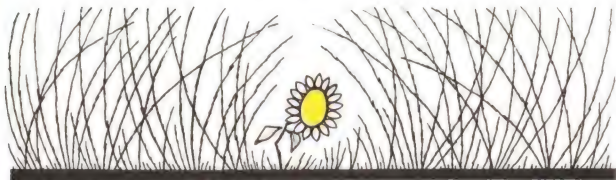
NONFICTION

1. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (1)
2. My Years with General Motors, Sloan (6)
3. Mandate for Change, Eisenhower (2)
4. Confessions of an Advertising Man, Ogilvy (4)
5. J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth, Tasky (3)
6. The Green Felt Jungle, Reid and Demaris (7)
7. Roscoe, North (5)
8. William Shakespeare, Rowse
9. Every Night, Josephine, Susann (8)
10. The American Way of Death, Mitford (9)

should you advertise



where you are strong... or



where you are weak?

First, one more question: Why are you weak where you are weak and why are you strong where you are strong?

In many cases the answer is advertising.

Advertising is like fertilizer. When directly and effectively applied it can enormously increase the yield in any field where sales can grow.

One out of every eight people in the Nielsen A and B Counties and six out of every ten in the Nielsen C and D Counties are ruralites. Total income per farm family has climbed to a new all-time record high.

If you are not setting new sales records among the nation's biggest buying families, take a good long look at Farm Journal. It gets to the root of their interests as nothing else can. It's the largest selling family service magazine, in the country.

Getting results in rural America is Farm Journal's business.

FARM JOURNAL

PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT CLEVELAND BOSTON

ATLANTA KANSAS CITY LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO

HOW TO FEEL LIKE A KAMAIINA INSTEAD OF A MALIHINI:



WAIKIKI

by Peter Griffith

the friendly language of Hawaiian, no one is a stranger or native for very long. And at the Hilton Hawaiian Village, Hawaii's most exciting resort, you're guaranteed to feel like a Kamaaina (old timer) from the very first minute.

A Ball on the Beach

The Hilton Hawaiian Village must be the world's beachiest hotel... with everything a beach should have in the way of sand, surf, sunshine, palm trees, and fun. The Hawaiian Village has its own dock, with power boats, catamarans, and sail riggers. A thousand feet of beach front offers sailing, surfing, skin diving, deep-sea fishing, speedboating, water-skiing. And if that isn't enough water for you, there are five swimming pools too.

Fun, Festival and Luau Feasts

You could spend all your time on the



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UPTOWN

LATIN AMERICAN ART TODAY—Trinity School, 139 West 91st. In recent years the dialogue of modern art has broken down most language barriers (see listings for the *Danes* and *Japanese* below). Any notion that the Latin Americans have failed to get the message is dispelled by this round-up of 17 accomplished painters from eight countries, among them Rufino Tamayo of Mexico, Alejandro Obregón of Colombia, Matta of Chile, Alejandro Otero of Venezuela and Wifredo Lam of Cuba. Through March 6.

DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS—New Art Center, 1193 Lexington Ave. at 81st. His huge mural left unfinished in Chapultepec Castle, Mexican Communist Siqueiros, 67, has for 3½ years sat in prison serving time for "social dissolution." But the warden let him paint, and his dancing brush creates images somersaulting and swirling far from a prison courtyard. Through Feb. 29.

ANDRÉ MASSON—Saidenberg, 1035 Madison Ave. at 79th. This retrospective dates from 1923 to 1962. The works trek from cubism to surrealism, imitating Picasso among others, finally arrive at some of the most spirited and sophisticated lines in current painting. Through March 8.

NATHANIEL NEUJEAN—Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave. at 77th. Thirty-three small pieces in rough bronze for a Belgian sculptor's first U.S. showing. Much of his work commemorates the victims of the Nazi pogroms and stands as a monument to their courage. He endows his figures with dignity in despair, casts them in small lonely groups bound together both by human oppression and the hidden force of their own humanity. Through March 7.

SAULTE TO DENMARK—Galerie 47 East 77th. Steering away from folklore, these modern Danes find a fresh amalgam of fantasy and feeling, aptly tagged "abstractions which are living fables." Carl-Henning Pedersen, Asger Horn, Eiler Bille, Henry Heerup, Mogens Balle, Ejgil Jacobsen and Preben Volek, most for the first time in the U.S. Through March 21.

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS—Lewison, 50 East 76th. He was, by his own accounting, an author, dramatist, composer, librettist, globe-trotter, womanologist, inventor and mesmerist. Eilsheimius was also a gifted artist who suffered more than most from a fickle public. This century showing begins with a beautifully precise drawing done at twelve, runs through his stay in Samoa and concludes with 1909, when he was 45 and still unknown (he died in 1941). Also a collection of his letters, photographs, poetry. Through March 28.

WORKS FROM THE KYOTO HAMLET OF FINE ARTS—French & Co., 978 Madison Ave. at 76th. In 1961 four young Japanese artists founded a colony in Kyoto, a city that for centuries has been the stronghold of traditionalist art. Their work is being shown for the first time in the U.S., together with that of three colleagues. Viewers will not find much that is traditionalist; these are modernists concerned basically with materials, which may be tin cans, rope or boards for painting, teak and hollowed iron for sculpture. But their new language still bears the accent of their native culture. Through March 14.

MARISOL—Stable, 33 East 74th. Marisol's wooden oddballs have been alternately

described as folk art, surrealist, Pop, even "poetic dislocations." Actually, these twelve new ones are simply the wackiest, wittiest mélanges on view anywhere. Through March 21.

ROBERT D'ARISTA—Nordness, 831 Madison Ave. at 69th. In his last painting show, this American University professor of art laid on paint like plaster of paris; for this one, he has tidied up his canvases and thinned his oils to a fine translucence. While he varies his use of texture, D'Arista is constantly concerned with chiaroscuro. His figures cast dark, subtle shadows on a curtain of white or emerge from darkness like apparitions. Through March 7.

BERNARD LORJOU—Hutton, 787 Madison Ave. at 67th. A lively show by a Parisian who has, in a one-man war against abstractionism, engaged in fistfights and lawsuits with his critics and sent his large, figurative paintings floating down the Seine on a barge. In these 28 oils, his colors are as breathtaking as ever, but the bizarre brutality has been transformed into a fierce emotionalism. White and yellow cathedrals blaze against midnight blue, flowers sputter and spout like painted fireworks, and marionettes look out with sad-eyed pliancy. Through March 14.

CARROLL CLOAR—Alan, 766 Madison Ave. at 66th. "The hypersensitive stiffness at twilight is broken now and then by sounds that ride in from far off." Faulkner? No, Carroll Cloar, writing about what he paints. Faulkner's South is Mississippi. Cloar's Arkansas, but they are much the same: both are remembered through a homely yet sinister realism. Eighteen temperas. Through March 7.

GIUO KNOOP—Emmerich, 17 East 64th. Balanced like birds poised to fly—and just as graceful—are these 20 polished abstractions in marble, granite and bronze by a Russian-born sculptor, who works in Paris. Through Feb. 29.

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC—Wildenstein, 19 East 64th. The hundredth anniversary of his birth is celebrated by this loan exhibition of 50 paintings, including six not seen before in the U.S. and 100 drawings, lithographs and posters. Through March 14.

JENNINGS TOFEL—Zabriskie, 36 East 61st. The first exhibition since the death in 1959 of this protégé of Alfred Steiglitz takes a long look at the last 20 years of his career. During that time, Tofel did not change much; he is always expressionist, always crowds his canvases with strange, misshapen humans and animals. His palette brightens, but the symbolism remains cloudy. Through March 7.

HANS HOFMANN—Kootz, 655 Madison Ave. at 60th. He has said he was nobody's student, but Hofmann was practically everybody's teacher. At 83, the dean of abstract expressionist still paints, and each year his shapes get gayer, his colors more delirious. Through March 7.

MIDTOWN

UMBERTO MASTROIANNI—Benino, 7 West 57th. This major Italian sculptor (an uncle of Movie Actor Marcello Mastroianni) casts plunks and lumps of bronze and gives the tortured results such names as *Iltroshim*, *Violenza*, *Pearl Harbor*. Together, they look like a junk heap of civilization from which blooms a brute mess of skulls,

limbs and deformities: machine-age *fleurs du mal*. Through March 12.

TOM WESSELMANN—Green, 15 West 57th. One of the brightest, brashest Pop shows of the season. Ten specimens of Wessemann's gleaming bathrooms, outdoor panoramas, the Stars and Stripes, and still more of his *Great American Nudes*. Through March 7.

EVELYN DRAPER—The Nippon Club, 143 West 57th. The Victorians mounted seaweed, the Japanese eat it, but Evelyn Draper paints with it. Utilizing the subtle colors of seaweed (as many as ten varieties in a picture) and its natural adhesiveness, she shapes the delicate filaments and threads on paper with a brush or sculpture tools. Her portraits, landscapes and figures have the delicacy of Oriental art. Forty works. Through March 2.

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB—Marlborough-Gerson, 41 East 57th. The complete exhibition—45 oils—that won Gottlieb the Grand Premio at last fall's São Paulo Biennial. Through March 3.

ENNIO MORLOTTI—Odyssey, 41 East 57th. In the lush countryside around Milan, Morlotti finds the starting point for his art informed. He goes the canvas with thick layers of earthy colors, then gouges out gulleys and heaps up hills of pigment to express nature's dense, secretive and organic magic. Through March 7.

MUSEUMS

JEWISH—Fifth Ave. at 92nd. A retrospective of Pop Painter Jasper Johns, who hit the New York scene a scant six years ago with the subtlety of a Fourth of July celebration, causing a sensation with his *Flags* and *Targets*. The museum has them, along with more than 100 other paintings, drawings, sculptures, lithographs. Through April 12.

GUGGENHEIM—Fifth Ave. at 89th. A triennial survey of worldwide contemporary painting presents 82 artists from 24 countries. Through March 29.

METROPOLITAN—Fifth Ave. at 82nd. Seventy newly acquired prints including such masters as Goltzius, Rembrandt and Goya: the *Cubiculum*, a Pompeian bedroom buried for 18 centuries under cinders from Mount Vesuvius and recently restored by the museum; Dutch and Flemish paintings (33 Rembrandts); and the Met's superb collection of 19th and 20th century French paintings.

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART—15 West 54th. Ivory drums, carved canoe prows and paddles, dance shields and other objects from the Massim region of New Guinea. Also 60 tempera paintings of primitive sculpture by Mexican Miguel Covarrubias, who, before his death in 1957, renounced a successful career as a muralist and caricaturist to become an important scholar of primitive art. Through May 10.

WHITNEY—22 West 54th. A double bill. "Maine and Its Artists" surveys the state of inspiration from 1710 to 1963, shows off an impressive roster of painters who were born in Maine or worked there, including Winslow Homer, Edward Hopper, John Marin, Andrew Wyeth (through March 22). With them, Gaston Lachaise's sexy, soulful sculptures in stone and metal. Through April 5. Supplementing the Lachaise show, at Schoelkopf Gallery, 825 Madison Ave. at 69th: 15 plaster portraits of famous figures. Through March 14.

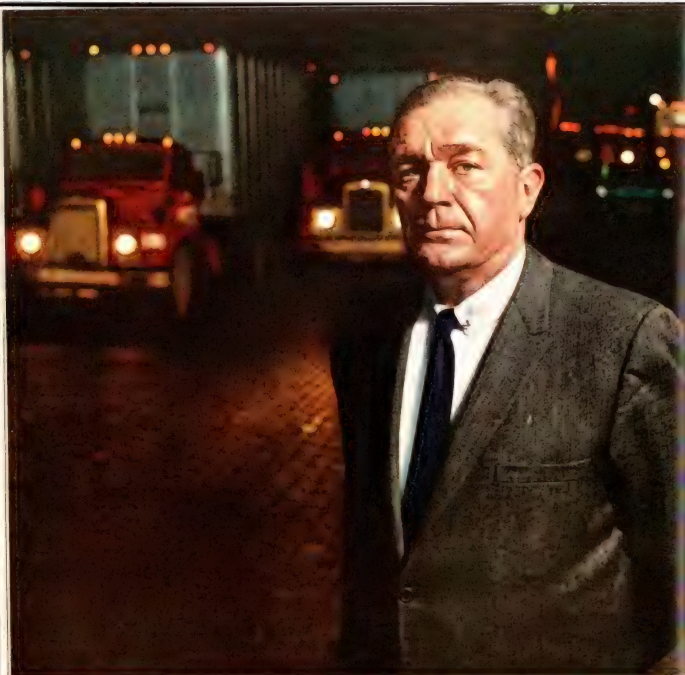
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LETTERS

Second Nation

Sir: The Russians are great "copy-cat" people and feel that such methods will overcome their shortcomings. Your cover story [Feb. 21] points out so well that Russia is not "No. 2" in the world but a "second-class" nation. We are so far ahead of them that they'll never catch up under their system of government.

ADOLPHUS W. HAWKINS JR.

Richmond

Sir: I visited the Soviet Union in 1960, saw many outstanding material things, and found the Russians one of the friendliest groups of people in all of Europe. The one thing that made a profound impression on me was their sincere desire for peace. When I saw them crying, begging and praying for peace, I was deeply moved. The Russians love their country, are proud of its accomplishments, and will work for a better life. They are trying; give them credit.

DAVID B. ZERWECK

San Jose, Calif.

Sir: I think the most telling item in your article is that browsing is not permitted in Russian bookstores. Our million-a-year browsers would revolt under such a regime.

LOUIS EPSTEIN

President

Pickwick Bookshop
Hollywood

Divided Island

Sir: The trouble with Cyprus [Feb. 14] is that there are no Cypriots. Deep down in their hearts they are either Greeks or Turks. As long as this feeling remains, there will never be peace on that island. So why not divide the island in order to prevent another bloody Congo?

CONSTANTINE KOLESARIDES

Howard Payne College
Brownwood, Texas

Sir: As a Greek studying in the U.S., I am greatly disturbed and disappointed by the prejudicial way in which your correspondent covered the Cyprus crisis. The green line that appears on the map of Cyprus and that you call "possible partition line," adds more hatred and misunderstanding to the already complicated situation there.

ELFEETERIOS TSARAS

University of Illinois
Chicago

National Reps

Sir: Your spotlighting of repertory theaters [Feb. 14] has helped the cause of the theater and has shown us that the lonely battle we have been fighting is not so isolated as we thought. Recognizing our struggles as part of a national restlessness in the dramatic arts gives our morale a decided lift.

ED SUMMERS

Producer-Director

Actors' Theatre
Seattle

Sir: You neglected any mention of several of the most important theaters in the country, including the oldest (the Cleveland Play House—49 years old). In addition, Boston's Charles Playhouse (seven years old; 7,600 season subscribers) would have been discovered, by even an elementary reporting job, to be on a level with the best regional professional theaters in the U.S.

FRANK SUGRUE

Producer-Managing Director

The Charles Playhouse
Boston

Sir: Your fine article was a godsend to the Memphis community. People at long last are beginning to appreciate what actor-director-producer George Tuoluntis has been fighting so hard to keep alive—talent.

ANDREA G. WARREN

Memphis

Diplomatic Correspondence

Sir: As former U.S. Ambassador to the Dominican Republic, I should like to present my view of recent events there [Jan. 31]. The U.S. did not "ardently support" Juan Bosch for President. We would have had no reason to; the other leading candidates were equally friendly to the U.S. Nor was I in any sense the "primary backer" of President Bosch. He was freely elected by the Dominican people, and as U.S. ambassador I worked as best I could with him, as I had previously worked with the provisional government, to help strengthen Dominican democracy.

I considered the coup that overthrew him a serious blow to representative constitutional democracy. Your implication that I resigned because I disagreed with our policy of recognizing the regime that overthrew him is incorrect. I was in full accord with our policy of first withholding, then granting, recognition; I helped

formulate it. I resigned to write a book about the Dominican Republic and the uses and limits of American power.

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

Highland Park, Ill.

The Snows of Yesteryear

Sir: You make a most unfair and incorrect reference to us in your Feb. 21 story on Beverly Hills. First it was not "one slow summer day," but just before Christmas, and we did not provide "sleds and skis for a couple of hundred friends." It was a long, hard, slogging job of several weeks' organization for a Christmas Snow Party to be given on the Beverly Hills Hotel grounds for Mrs. Abe Leah's charity for needy actors.

Every item, including the artificial snow, was donated. On the day of the party a freak storm washed out everything in a few hours. With the assistance of the studios and some good friends, Mrs. Rathbone in a few hours reorganized her party inside the Beverly Hills Hotel and still realized some \$10,000 for the charity. The day following the party Mrs. Rathbone, completely exhausted, went to the hospital with pneumonia.

BASIL RATHBONE

New York City

► TIME bows to Actor Rathbone's memory of that exhausting party 24 years ago.—Ed.

A Brave Man

Sir: I wish to salute the Negro attaché, Emerson Pleyer, whom you mention in your article on Ghana [Feb. 14]. He is a truly brave man, and surely his act will be remembered by the Ghanaians and pondered when Red propaganda about mistreatment of Negroes is spouted.

BARBARA H. BELL

El Cajon, Calif.

Real Mark

Sir: The term realtor was misused in the Jan. 17 issue of TIME.

Realtor is not a synonym for real estate agent. A realtor is a person engaged in the real estate business who is a board member or an individual member of the National Association of Real Estate Boards. The term realtor is a collective mark (similar to a trademark) registered in the U.S. Patent Office by the National Association of Real Estate Boards, and may be used as a designation only by the 75,000 who are members.

EDWIN L. STOLE

National Association of
Real Estate Boards
Washington, D.C.

Russian Amateurs?

Sir: I was absolutely amazed to discover TIME's revelation of Lidia Skoblikova's occupation: a schoolteacher! [Feb. 14]. As a teacher you have me guessing! How could she find time for some seven hours of practice every day, lift weights, work out on roller skates, and run as many as 40 200-meter sprints in the afternoon under the watchful eye of a coach?

Please let us in on her big secret. When does she grade her papers?

VIRGINIA COLSON DUFFIELD

Garden Grove, Calif.

► Most of her chases, the Russians say, are in the mornings.—Ed.

Sir: Unlike participants from the U.S., the Soviet Olympic contestants are full-time professionals heavily subsidized by

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Until last December it was almost impossible to get a transpacific call in or out of Woolloomooloo, Australia—a suburb of Sydney. Many Australians had to cancel business and personal calls to other countries after hours of fruitless waiting because of overloaded radio circuits. Now COMPAC and ITT have changed all that.

COMPAC is a new submarine cable system that extends Britain's communications link with Canada to the Pacific dominions of Australia, New Zealand and Fiji.

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their Red governments. In contrast, our contestants have other fulltime jobs to support their families; they are amateurs, and they depend for their expenses on the free-will offerings of Americans.

S. E. MARTIN

Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Sir: Surely the Olympics' most outstanding winners were the real amateurs of Scandinavia. The woodcutters, office clerks, factory workers and farmers of Norway alone won 15 medals, gaining second place after Russia in the overall ratings.

VALDEMAR MATHESON

Oslo, Norway

Sir: "There are some sports the Russians still can't fathom. They play terrible tennis, they swim like drain plugs." Don't be shocked if a few drain plugs win gold medals at the summer Olympic Games at Tokyo.

Soviet Drain Plug Ivan Karetnikov and Fellow Plug Georgij Prokopenko led the world last year (1963) in the breast stroke, an Olympic event, ranking first and second. The Russians also placed men in the first ten in world rank in three other Olympic events. The drain plugs won't be in Tokyo just for the bath.

ALBERT SCHOENFELD

Editor

Swimming World
North Hollywood, Calif.

Pop Puff

Sir: I was delighted with your "Life With Pop" article [Feb. 21]. Many friends phoned, and in all cases they were completely charmed by the color spread. Even those friends of ours who are not Pop art aficionados told us it was one of the best documents of our time.

ROBERT C. SCULL

New York City

Filling Up the Green

Sir: My fellow students and I in the department of Landscape Architecture cheered your most timely article concerning encroachment on urban open spaces [Feb. 14].

The insane national trend of filling up the already woefully few parks and urban green spaces to save money in land costs will surely be paid for dearly in the confusion and congestion of future generations. Open space can, through good design, be used positively to give structure and order to our cities. Its importance is as great as buildings or expressways. It must not be continually sacrificed for them.

WILLIAM H. TISHLER

Graduate School of Design
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir: To disturb one inch of our ever-popular "banks of the Charles" is to rob us and our children of one of Boston's "crowning glories." We must not become an asphalt jungle.

SARA M. PIERCE

Melrose, Mass.

Sir: My encouragement to the Cambridge Planning Board and the thousands of other citizens interested in preserving what little space remains for quiet contemplation within metropolitan areas. Like so many other things, urban recreational space has been needlessly swept away in the wake of blind expediency.

DONALD F. KOSTECKI

St. Louis

Musicians?

Sir: Did the Beatles' affection [Feb. 21] evolve from Caravaggio's *The Musicians*?
FREDA S. MOSS

Kingsport, Tenn.



CARAVAGGIO'S "MUSICIANS"



BEATLES PLAYING

Sir: Please don't joke about the Beatles. Encourage them! As a music teacher and composer of children's music, I like to see anyone become successful in the music field whether he's a Beethoven or a Presley. We need musical expression! So I say hurrah for the Beatles.

ALFA KENT

Austin, Texas

Sir: I do not regard myself as an old fogey, being 13, yet the Beatles strike me as the typical bandwagon idiocy-ecstasy that American teen-agers are sucked in by.

PAUL ISAAC

Fairchester, N.Y.

Sir: I think the Beatles are one of the best things to come to America since jazz. Their music is different, but not if you understand the feel. We teenagers love the Beatles, shag-mopped, screaming and pop-wailers that they are.

KRISTINE FONTES

Lancaster, Pa.

Address Letters to the Editors to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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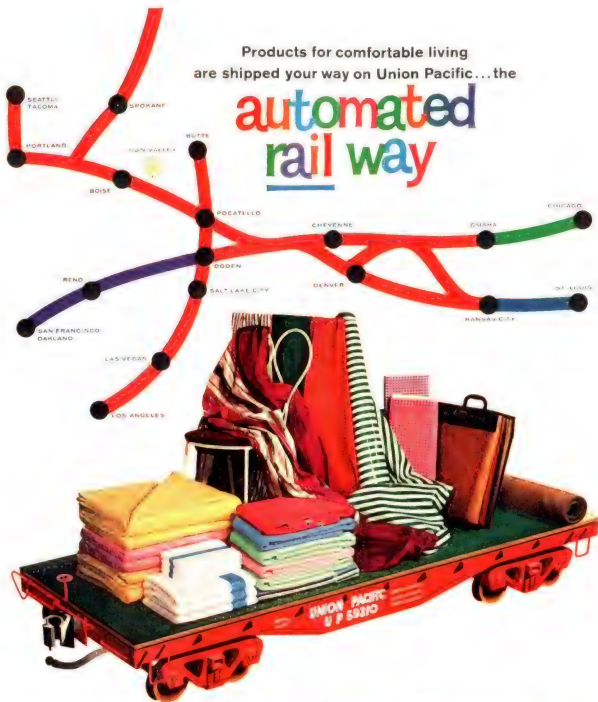
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A letter from
the
PUBLISHER

Bentley M. Amer



WRITER FARRELL MAKING THE SCENE

WHEN this week's cover artist first met this week's cover subject, neither quite knew what to make of the other. Painter Boris Chaliapin, son of the late, famed Russian basso, is somewhat more at home in the hot world of opera than in the cool domains of latter-day pop. In answer to requests, Jazz Pianist Thelonious Monk would mutter, "All rec!" greatly confusing Chaliapin. When he finally caught on, Chaliapin replied in Russian-accented retaliation: "All root."

During four sittings, Theloniou had a disconcerting habit of dropping off to sleep. Chaliapin would yell at him: "Monk, Monk, wake up!", then prod him out of his armchair and walk him around the studio. Says he: "Monk's very strange—in the best sense of the word." As for Theloniou, it took him about a week to learn to pronounce the painter's name. Having mastered it, he improvised a song that repeated "Chaliapin! Chaliapin!" over and over again, in the manner of "Hallelujah!"

Monk has not yet given this treatment to the name of TIME's music writer, but he may one day get around to a "Barry Farrell! Barry Farrell!" chorus. While preparing the cover story, Farrell found that you "can't really interview Monk." He had about 30 chats with him, spread over two or three months, mostly walking around outside the Five

Spot, Monk's Manhattan base, or sitting in some dark bar at 2 a.m.—“just like Cosa Nostra.”

Farrell considers himself "a jazz fan in a way I am not a fan of anything else," takes a night or two each week "to beat about the scene." But he thinks that for all its joy, jazz is surrounded by so much sadness that "to just say you love jazz is wrong."

One of the incidental benefits of jazz has always been to enrich the American idiom. A fairly recent jazz expression, used in this week's cover story, is "bag," meaning school, camp or category. In the occasionally special journalistic idiom we speak at work here at TIME, the expression may prove useful: we may yet end up referring to what is going on in the Democratic bag, the United Nations bag, the fashion, Pop art or symphonic bag. But one thing our cover story makes clear beyond doubt: there is no one else quite like Thelonious Monk in the jazz bag.

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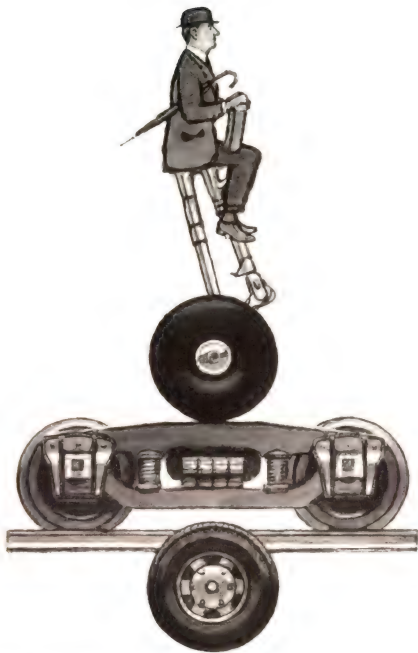
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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

February 28, 1964

Vol. 83, No. 9

THE NATION

BOB D'AMICO—AP/WIDEWORLD

THE SUPREME COURT

Redrawing the Lines

Rarely has a Supreme Court decision caused such swift, tumultuous reaction. Late one night last week, the gavel pounded and pounded again in the Georgia state house of representatives. Dozens of lawmakers were shouting: "Mistuh Speakuh! Mistuh Speakuh!"

The clock was fast approaching midnight on Feb. 21, the hour and day of statutory adjournment of the Georgia legislature. But adjournment was out of the question. At stake was the necessity of readjusting Georgia's outrageously malapportioned U.S. congressional districts.

Now it was 11:50 p.m.—and the Speaker ordered that the clock be stopped, a tried-and-true parliamentary move. Opponents of redistricting were in a frenzy. Macon's Representative Denmark Groover had a hasty thought: if there is no clock, it can't be stopped. He raced up to the gallery, swung over the balcony, and holding onto the parapet with an arm and a leg, reached over, pulled the official clock from its place on the wall and sent it crashing to the floor. There, others cracked and smashed it. But proponents were rushing the bill to completion, and by 12:11 a.m., it had passed. "Mistuh Speakuh!" cried Chattooga County's James Floyd in desperation. "I think the tactics used here are unconstitutional. Communist, and everything else—and I don't like it worth a damn!" But he was on the losing side.

Unfair on the Face. The wild Georgia scene was the direct result of a milestone Supreme Court decision handed down only four days before. The court was dealing with a Georgia case, *Whitcomb v. Chambers*. The plaintiffs were residents of Georgia's Fifth District—which includes Atlanta and, until the legislative action that came later in the week, had a population of 823,680. That was more than 108% above the 394,312-person average of Georgia's ten districts. The plaintiffs' case rested on the plain and simple fact that their votes for Congressmen did not count on a par with those of Georgians in other districts.

Similar—or worse—disparities exist in congressional districts throughout the U.S. Republican John B. Bennett rep-



GEORGIA'S GROOVER GRABBING CLOCK
The smashers were on the losing side.

resents 177,431 people from the Upper Peninsula Twelfth District of Michigan, which he calls the nation's "smallest" and, less accurately, "the most important." Republican Bruce Alger represents 951,527 people in and around Dallas; his Fifth Congressional District of Texas is the nation's most populous. Yet both Bennett and Alger have one vote apiece in the House of Representatives. Such variations mean that voters in overpopulated districts are underrepresented in the House, and vice versa. This, on the face of it, seems unfair.

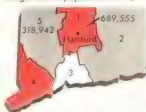
The Principle. The Supreme Court's decision on the Georgia case not only agreed that it is unfair, but that it is unconstitutional as well. Justice Hugo Black, writing for the six-member majority, composed of Chief Justice Warren, Justices Douglas, Brennan, Goldberg and White, said: "We hold that, construed in its historical context, the command of Article I, Section 2, that Representatives be chosen 'by the people of the several states,' means that as nearly as is practicable one man's vote in a congressional election is to be worth as much as another's."

Black found that it was the intent of the Founding Fathers that all congressional districts within a state be more or less equal in population. "To say that a vote is worth more in one district than in another would not only run counter to our fundamental ideas of democratic government; it would cast aside the principle of a House of Representatives elected 'by the people,' a principle tenaciously fought for and established at the Constitutional Convention."

In a blistering, 29-page dissent, Justice John Marshall Harlan (with Justices Clark and Stewart writing separate dissents) argued that Black was dead wrong. "I had not expected to witness the day," he wrote, "when the Supreme Court of the United States would render a decision which casts grave doubt on the constitutionality of the composition of the House of Representatives." He pointed out that Article I, Section 4 of the Constitution says: "The times, places and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each state by the legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such

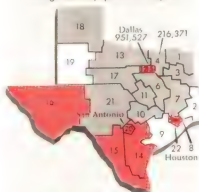
CONNECTICUT

6 representatives (1 at large)
Average district population 507,047



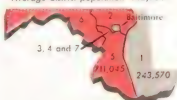
TEXAS

23 representatives (1 at large)
Average district population 435,440



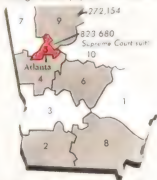
MARYLAND

8 representatives (1 at large)
Average district population 442,956



GEORGIA

10 representatives
Average district population 394,312



Within 15% above or below the average district population

More than 15% above
More than 15% below

TIME Map by T. Donagan

regulations." Moreover, Article I, Section 5 says: "Each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members."

Harlan recalled that in 1872 Congress passed a law requiring that Representatives be elected from districts of nearly equal populations. But that law was dropped, almost unnoticed, in 1929—and the man mostly responsible for its disappearance was Democratic Representative Sam Rayburn, who came from one of the most sparsely populated congressional districts in the U.S., the Texas Fourth. Wrote Harlan: "It cannot be contended, therefore, that the court's decision today fills a gap left by the Congress. On the contrary, the court substitutes its own judgment for that of Congress."

That much was certainly true. But obviously neither the Congress nor the many state legislatures had fulfilled their constitutional duties, and their inaction led to the glaring inequities in representation that the court now is trying to correct.

The Effects. Despite the bitter differences between the majority and minority opinions, the decision curiously enough caused little immediate reaction—at least as far as the legalities were concerned. What did arouse vast conjecture across the U.S. was the possible political effect.

It has become part of American political mythology that Republicans are strongest in rural, underpopulated areas, while Democrats hold sway in urban, overpopulated places. According to that notion, Democrats would stand to gain by an equalizing of congressional districts. But several studies indicate that the opposite is probably true. In the 1962 elections, Republican candidates for the House won 48% of the national vote, but took only 40% of the seats. If they had gained as high a percentage of the seats as they did of the vote, there

would now be 209 Republican Congressmen instead of 176.

Furthermore, any redistricting along the lines indicated by the Supreme Court would almost certainly give more Representatives to Southern urban areas, where Republicans are strong, and take Representatives away from rural areas, where reactionary, racist Democrats often rule. Thus Bruce Alger's Dallas district might be divided into two or three, any or all of which could go Republican. Dallas is only one example of a heavily populated area where Republican strength is high. Nationwide, out of 66 Congressional districts with populations of more than 500,000, the Republican party currently holds 34 seats.

Greater representation would go to suburbia, where Republicans dominate. For example, Connecticut's five congressional districts range in population from 318,942 to 689,555. Democrats control all but the Fourth, Fairfield County. Fairfield would be strengthened for the Republicans if it were to lose some of the Democratic manufacturing towns along the district's northeast boundary. And the Second District, most vulnerable to realignment, has sent Republicans to Congress in six of the past ten elections, so there is a good chance that the G.O.P. would benefit from a change there.

Advantage Lost. Last week's Supreme Court decision did not set forth a specific percentage figure for fair representation, but 15% above or below the state's district norm is generally considered the bench-mark figure. Altogether there are 33 states in which districts fall outside that standard. Even before the court rendered its decision, suits similar to the one in Georgia were pending in Texas and Maryland. Close on the heels of the decision, Maryland's Governor J. Millard Tawes asked for a postponement of the state's May 19 house primaries in the hope that a special legislative committee would be able to redraw some notably inequitable district lines. Georgia's Governor Carl Sanders, on the other hand, did not bother to wait, called on his legislature to act, almost within the hour—and the midnight riot ensued.

Before the clock was stopped, stomped on and smashed, Georgia's Fifth District, a three-county area embracing Atlanta, was the second most populous in the nation. The Ninth, on the other extreme, comprised 272,154 people. State legislators from the rural districts naturally preferred to keep things that way since it gave their sparsely populated areas a tremendous voting advantage over Atlanta. As a result of the redistricting, the Atlanta area was divided into two districts, each with its own Congressman. The rest of the state map was redrawn so as to provide districts of near-equal size. The upshot of Georgia's lightning reapportionment: the ten districts now range in population from 329,738 to 455,575.

MIDNIGHT REDISTRICTING



Urban Fifth District is split,
rural districts adjusted for
more equal representation

WHAT THE TAX BILL WILL DO

THE bill providing for the biggest tax cut in U.S. history emerged last week from a Senate-House conference committee. In its final form, it calls for a reduction of \$9.1 billion in individual income taxes and a drop of \$2.4 billion in corporate taxes, with two-thirds of the cuts to take effect this year and the rest in 1965. Probably starting in mid-March, the payroll withholding rate will go down from the present 18½% to 14%. That will immediately pump \$800 million a month into the economy and amount to a weekly raise in take-home pay of \$4.20 for a married worker earning \$150 and claiming four dependents. Among the bill's specific provisions:

Individual Rates. Income-tax rates for individuals will drop from the present range of 20%–91% to a range of 16½%–77% this year and 14% to 70% in 1965, amount to an average tax cut of 19%. The following table compares rates for married taxpayers filing joint returns under the present law with those under the new bill.

Taxable Income	Present Taxes 1963	New Taxes (Two Stages)	
		1964	1965
\$ 2,000	\$ 400	\$ 325	\$ 290
3,000	600	500	450
4,000	800	680	620
6,000	1,240	1,080	1,000
8,000	1,680	1,480	1,380
10,000	2,200	1,950	1,820
12,000	2,720	2,420	2,260
16,000	3,920	3,500	3,260
20,000	5,280	4,720	4,380
28,000	8,520	7,580	7,100
40,000	14,520	12,900	12,140
52,000	21,480	19,200	18,060
76,000	36,720	32,940	31,020
100,000	53,640	47,880	45,180
200,000	134,640	118,680	110,980
400,000	313,640	271,680	250,980

Corporate Rates. For large corporations, the present 52½% rate will be cut to 50%, retroactive to Jan. 1 of this year, and to 48% by Jan. 1, 1965. For corporations with incomes of less than \$25,000, the rate will drop from the present 30% to 22½% this year, with no further cut in 1965. Corporate-tax collections will be speeded up to put them on a pay-as-you-go basis by 1970.

Standard Deductions. Individuals may elect to take a new standard short-form deduction of \$300, plus another \$100 for each dependent (excluding themselves). The new option will drop some 1,340,000 low-income Americans from the federal tax rolls. The old standard deduction of 10% of gross income will remain an alternative choice. In either case, \$1,000 will still be the maximum short-form deduction. Itemized long-form deduction will still be permitted.

State & Local Taxes. Auto- and driver's-license fees as well as direct consumer taxes on liquor, cigarettes, tickers, hotel rooms and the like will no longer be deductible. Still deductible will be state and local gasoline taxes as well as general sales, property and income taxes.

Moving Expenses. A worker who moves at least 20 miles to join a new company may deduct the cost of transporting his household goods to the new location as well as the travel expenses of his family. The same deductions may be claimed by an employee transferred within his company to a new location—provided that remaining in his present home would increase his commuting distance by at least 20 miles and that the move is made without company reimbursement.

Old-Age Benefits. Under most circumstances, the bill exempts from taxes the profit realized by a taxpayer 65 or over on the sale of a home in which he has lived at least five of the preceding eight years. In the

past, all such profits have been subject to capital-gains taxation unless reinvested in a new home. The bill increases from the present \$1,524 to \$2,286 the amount of investment income against which any elderly married taxpayer may claim retirement tax credit. It also exempts taxpayers 65 or over from the rule limiting deductions for drugs and medicines to the extent that they exceed 1% of income. Younger taxpayers who pay such expenses for elderly parents will be exempt too. The elderly are already exempt from the rule limiting deductions for doctor bills and other medical expenses to amounts in excess of 3% of income.

Sick Pay. An employee who receives full pay while sick may no longer deduct such income unless he is ill more than 30 days. Then, as under the present law, he may claim up to \$100 weekly. If sick pay is less than 75% of regular weekly wages, however, an employee may deduct a maximum \$75 weekly at once, if he is hospitalized, and after one week if he is at home.

Child-Care Expense. The maximum deduction for care of children by a taxpayer who must work is raised from the present \$600 to \$900, but only if there are two or more children. The maximum age of children for whom such deductions may be claimed is raised from the present eleven years to twelve years.

Casualty Losses. Such uninsured losses as auto damage or vandalism at a summer home, now fully deductible, will be deductible only to the extent that the loss exceeds \$100. The provision is designed to eliminate deductions for fender-bender accidents and the like.

Income Averaging. Artists, authors, actors and others, whose fat years often alternate with the lean, will be allowed to average out their earnings over five years for a better tax break. For example, under the old law an unmarried author who makes only \$3,000 in each of four successive years and then takes in \$44,000 during a fat fifth year would owe \$18,990 in taxes under the old law. Under the new law he would owe \$11,390.

Group Insurance. Company-paid premiums to provide group term life insurance in excess of \$50,000 for a single individual will be treated as regular income of the insured and taxed as such.

Earnings Abroad. The ceiling on tax-free earnings of Americans who have lived abroad more than three years will be lowered from \$35,000 to \$25,000. Those who have lived abroad for a shorter period may still claim up to \$20,000 annually in tax-free income.

Capital Losses. Large losses may be carried forward indefinitely to be written off in amounts of \$1,000 each year against regular income. Under the present law, capital loss could be carried forward for only five years.

Dividend Credits. Stockholder credits against taxable income, which under the old law allow a single taxpayer to deduct the first \$50 in dividends and a married couple the first \$100, will be doubled to \$100 and \$200. A second provision, which allows stockholders to deduct another 4% of total dividend income from final taxes payable, will be repealed in two yearly stages.

Business Travel. Full transportation expenses of combined business-pleasure trips within the U.S. will be deductible. At present only travel expenses that are a result of the business side of the trip are deductible.

Stock Options. The price of stock options granted employees may no longer be less than the market price of the stock at the time. The options must be exercised within five years, rather than within ten years as now provided. To qualify for the lower capital-gains tax rate on profits resulting from an increase in market price, the stock purchased under option must be held at least three years, rather than the six months required under the existing law.

THE CONGRESS

The Wooded & the Wooing

Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield was on his feet, waiting. Into the Senate and down the aisle came a clerk of the House of Representatives, carrying the House-approved civil rights bill. "Mr. President," said Mansfield, "I request that House bill 7152 be read the first time." The Senate clerk read the bill's title. "Mr. President," said Mansfield, "I object to the second reading of the bill today."

Those two sentences were part of an elaborate parliamentary maneuver aimed at bypassing the Senate Judiciary Committee, chaired by Mississippi's James Eastland, who could be expected to keep the bill gathering dust for months. By his action, Mansfield retained control of the bill's course. He then announced that the Senate will first take up the Administration's new farm bill, will probably next consider a \$16.9 billion authorization bill for military equipment, then turn to the sweeping civil rights measure. This is not likely before March 2.

No Pyrotechnics. Mansfield told the Senate that he had appointed Majority Whip Hubert Humphrey, a longtime champion of civil rights, as floor manager of the bill. Humphrey will have one Democratic deputy for each of the bill's three major sections: Washington's Warren Magnuson on public accommodations, Pennsylvania's Joe Clark on FEPC, Michigan's Philip Hart on new judicial procedures.

After setting his tactics in train, Mansfield sought to shape the mortal tone of the impending debate. In a Senate speech, he declared: "Individually, each Senator will consult his conscience and his constituency on this issue. It is for each Senator to determine whether he is prepared to ignore, to evade or to deny this issue or some aspect of it. But it would be a tragic error if this body as a whole were to elect the closed-eyes course of inaction."

"I can think of nothing better designed to bring this institution into public disrepute and derision than a test of this profound and tragic issue by an exercise in parliamentary pyrotechnics. For the truth is that we will not find in the Senate rules book even the semblance of an answer to the burning questions which now confront the nation and, hence, this Senate. We Senators would be well advised to search, not in the Senate rules book, but in the Golden Rule for the semblance of an adequate answer."

"Hope for the Republic." Mansfield also made a special plea to Republican Leader Everett Dirksen. Said he: "I appeal to the distinguished minority leader,

whose patriotism has always taken precedence over his partisanship, to join with me—and I know he will—in finding the Senate's best possible contribution at this time to the resolution of this grave national issue."

The South's top tactician, Georgia Democrat Richard Russell, was also wooing Dirksen with words of praise. Said Russell: "I cannot refrain, even if it does harm to the Senator from Illinois, from expressing to him my great admiration for his political courage. It gives one hope for the future of the



MONTANA'S MANSFIELD
Not rules, but the Rule.

Republic to see a man who has convictions and the courage to sustain them even though it may endanger his seat in the Senate."

Since Republican votes obviously will be needed to choke off a certain Democratic filibuster against the civil rights bill, there was ample cause for courting Dirksen, who has expressed personal doubt about the measure's public accommodations section. But in his response, Dirksen left his woosers on both sides in considerable doubt. Said he: "I trust that the time will never come in my public career when the waters of partisanship will flow so swift and so deep as to obscure my estimate of the national interest. I trust I can disenthrall myself from all bias, from all prejudice, from all irrelevancies, from all immaterial matters, and see clearly and cleanly what the issue is and then render an independent judgment. Already, some amendments have occurred to me. I shall try to shape them. I shall try to put them in form. If I think they have merit, I shall offer them."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Four Choices in Viet Nam

President Johnson may soon have to face up to the most critical decision of his Administration so far: U.S.-backed forces are not winning the war in South Viet Nam, and something should be done about it. There seem to be four choices, all, in varying degrees, painful: **► Withdraw under some sort of agreement to "neutralize" the country.** Secretary of State Dean Rusk has described this as "a formula for surrender." But since Charles de Gaulle proposed "a possible neutrality agreement relating to the Southeast Asian States," others have begun to espouse the idea. Said Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield last week: "We have teetered for too long on the brink of turning the war in Viet Nam, which is still a Vietnamese war, into an American war to be paid for primarily with American lives. There is no national interest at this time which would appear to justify this conversion. The possibilities of neutralization may be extremely difficult to realize, but they ought not to be dismissed out of hand."

► Do just what is being done now. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara says that the U.S. is still committed to the cause of its South Vietnamese allies. But he also insists that the U.S. hopes to be able to pull most of its military personnel out of South Viet Nam by the end of 1965. Explained he in testimony released last week by the House Armed Services Committee: "I simply believe that the war in South Viet Nam will be won primarily through Vietnamese effort. It is a war of counter-guerrillas against the guerrillas. We are only assisting them through training and logistical support."

► Exert a much greater effort, both in manpower and money, to win the war. For this, the U.S. would have to send in combat troops, take over the war and give up on the notion that American military men are there only to advise and train the South Vietnamese. The cost of such a policy would come high—but if, as official American policy now holds, the security of South Viet Nam affects the security of the U.S. and the free world, it could be worth the price.

► Carry the war to the Viet Cong's North Vietnamese sanctuary. This would require the U.S. to encourage and finance South Vietnamese guerrilla activity north of the border, perhaps even provide for pinpoint bombing of supply depots. As a possible compromise between withdrawal and all-out participation by the U.S., the idea is attractive. But some Washington planners fear that by thus expanding the war the U.S. would bring on a repetition of its unhappy experience against Red China in Korea.

President Johnson will have to choose between these possibilities, or variations of them. While he may not like what he inherited from his predecessors,

* As mayor of Minneapolis, Humphrey made that city one of the nation's first to establish a fair employment practices commission; as a delegate of the 1948 Democratic Convention, his civil rights oratory inspired a platform plank that led to a Dixiecrat walkout.

enough has changed since his accession so that the responsibility now is his. For whatever he decides, Johnson and only Johnson must accept the credit—or the blame.

FOREIGN TRADE

Dramatic Flourish, Empty Gesture

With a dramatic flourish, the Johnson Administration last week announced that it was cutting off existing U.S. military aid to Britain, France and Yugoslavia, banning new aid to Spain and Morocco. The reason: all five are trading with Castro's Cuba. But the dramatic flourish was, in fact, little more than an empty gesture, since the U.S. is not giving, and does not propose to give, any of the five enough aid to influence

Presumably realizing that the aid bans would have little or no effect, Secretary of State Dean Rusk last week seemed to give at least tacit approval to another reprisal tactic. Asked if he thought American consumers might boycott products made by foreign firms also selling to Cuba, Rusk replied: "We don't ourselves plan to organize any boycott against the goods of countries engaged in that trade. I think it is possible there may be some consumer reaction in this country with respect to firms that specifically engage in that trade."

Florida's Democratic Representative Paul Rogers suggested that Britain's Leyland Motors, which last year sold some 21,000 Triumph cars in the U.S., might be a fine starting point for a

U.S. allies still insist that the wheat deal was a go-ahead signal—and trade with Communism is busting out all over. Western nations adhere to a narrow list of some 120 items prohibited as being militarily strategic. But beyond these, the sky's the limit. France is planning a five-year trade treaty with Russia, hopes to sell the Soviet Union a petroleum refinery, chemical and rubber plants, and steel pipe; it expects to increase its purchases of Soviet crude oil from 550,000 to 900,000 tons a year. France also has agreed to deliver a synthetic-alcohol plant to Red China, will display its precision equipment in Peking next fall. Italian firms plan to build a \$160 million synthetic-fiber plant and a construction-materials plant in Russia; the Italian and Soviet govern-



CUBA-BOUND TRUCK IN SPAIN

For diplomats, a nightmare; for merchants, more money.



CUBA-BOUND BUSES IN BRITAIN

their trade policies. As it turned out, all the announcement did was highlight the breakdown of the trade embargo that the U.S. has tried to impose on Cuba.

Britain's Leyland Motors Limited is under a \$10 million contract to send Cuba 400 buses, and Castro has an option to buy 1,000 more. British ships have made 145 trips to Cuba in the past 14 months. France is negotiating a \$10 million truck deal with Castro. Spain has already sold 150 trucks to Cuba, has a pending deal to sell 100 fishing ships and two freighters. Yugoslavian cargo ships make the island a part of call. Three Moroccan freighters take phosphate rock, cork, sardines and manufactured goods to Cuba, return with Cuban sugar scheduled to amount to 250,000 tons this year.

Against Boycotts. All these nations are flouting the U.S.-imposed embargo for a very simple reason: they see profit in it. And as against that prospect, the Johnson action in cutting aid appears to be small potatoes: a mere \$7,400 to Britain; \$28,000 to France; nothing to Yugoslavia, whose aid was actually suspended last year; and only the threat that future aid to Spain and Morocco may be withheld.

consumer boycott. There were bleats from abroad, and a State Department spokesman later swallowed Rusk's words, "The U.S.," he said, "does not favor consumer boycotts."

The Deal. When scolded for their willingness to trade with Castro, most U.S. allies have a ready answer. For one thing, they see little difference between Cuba and any other Communist country; they simply do not understand the particular resentment of the U.S. toward Castro. And feeling that way, they are quick to note that it was really the U.S. which led the way to increased trade with Communism in its \$300 million wheat deal with Russia.

That deal, which seemed to many at the time a convenient way to unload part of the U.S. wheat glut, has since become a major political issue. Republican Senate Leader Everett Dirksen has denounced it as "a diplomatic nightmare," which has "undermined our leadership of the free world." Nonetheless, the U.S. freighter *Exilona* carried the first shipload of the grain into the Black Sea port of Odessa last week. After the icy voyage, American seamen had hoped to warm up in Soviet nightspots, instead were guided to a tour of a collective farm.

ments have agreed to increase trade by 50% beginning in 1966.

Scatter Shot. Most irksome of all to the U.S., British firms are negotiating to sell Russia some \$280 million worth of chemical, fiber, fertilizer, and synthetic-rubber plants at 20% down, the balance to be paid over as many as 15 years. Official U.S. policy holds that it is generally O.K. to trade with Communist countries—except, of course, Cuba and Red China—but the U.S. remains dead set against such long-term credits. These credits, the U.S. argues, are a form of economic aid that permits Russia and other Communist countries to build their consumer economies without substantial diversion from military funds.

The fact is that U.S. policy about trade with Communism is a scatter-shot proposition that hits allies as well as enemies but seriously wounds no one. If it is ever going to be effective, it needs an overall reassessment, followed by some clear explanations. That reassessment will probably have to come out on the side of increased trade, with a tacit admission that the Cuban embargo is a flop. But in a presidential election year, that may be impossible for politicians to explain.

REPUBLICANS

Fire from the Home Front

There was Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., off in his barbed-wire-protected Embassy tending to the war in South Viet Nam—and finding himself shot at from New Hampshire.

The reason was that Nelson Rockefeller was getting skittish about Lodge's presidential potential, particularly in view of recent polls indicating that more than 30% of New Hampshire's voters may write in either Lodge's name or that of Richard Nixon. Rockefeller backers have urged Lodge to disavow, in no uncertain terms, any New Hampshire hopes. Last week one Rocky aide was overheard telling the Governor that still another staffer was "calling Cabot once more to tell him he's got two days to put up or shut up." And Rockefeller followed that up with a personal phone call to Lodge. He carefully refrained from disclosing anything pertinent about the conversation.

In any event, during a Goffstown, N.H., appearance, Rocky was asked: "Is Lodge to blame for Viet Nam in any respect? Has he done us any good?" The reply: "When a man is in foreign service as ambassador he has to carry out instructions from the Secretary of State and the President. He is not in a position to speak independently, except when he resigns. So he is either a part of what is going on, or, if he does not want to be part of it, his only alternative is to resign and to come back and say what is wrong. He hasn't resigned and come back to say what he thinks is wrong."

Barry Goldwater was less delicate in assigning responsibility to Lodge for the mess in South Viet Nam. Lodge, he said, had "balled things up" and "has to share whatever blame there is."

Some Embarrassing Moments. Both Rockefeller and Goldwater had some embarrassing moments during their New Hampshire campaigning last week.



ADAMS & ROCKEFELLER
The invitation was for coffee.



LODGE AT EMBASSY IN SAIGON
The barbed wire doesn't help.

Rocky bore up gracefully under his—which came when former Governor Sherman Adams paid him a visit. Political associations with Adams have hardly been the vogue since he resigned under fire in 1958 as President Eisenhower's staff chief.

The idea for the get-together came from Adams' wife, who offered to assemble a group of her friends for a coffee reception with Rocky in Lincoln. Rockefeller advisers agreed. Adams went to the reception from Cannon Mountain, where he had been skiing. Asked if he was supporting Rocky, he replied with characteristic brusqueness: "Why don't you fellows have a cup of coffee?" Would Rocky accept Adams' endorsement if it were offered? Said Rockefeller: "I've been after it all along."

An Improbable Argument. As for Goldwater, he trudged glumly through New Hampshire's snowy villages, failing to keep several appointments, often acting as though political handshaking were an ordeal. As usual, he got in a few cracks at Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. "If he were my Secretary of Defense," said Goldwater, "he'd be back making Edsels for Ford the next day." Barry inaccurately quoted McNamara as saying that long-range missiles are more reliable than manned bombers. That statement, said Goldwater, is "probably the stupidest ever made by a Secretary of Defense."

Goldwater also got into an argument with one of his most vociferous backers, William Loeb, publisher of the Manchester Union Leader, over—of all people—Jimmy Hoffa. Goldwater had accused Rockefeller of "not telling the truth" about Hoffa's philosophies, charged that Hoffa's New Hampshire Teamsters were supporting Rocky. Said he: "Of course, when you have Jimmy Hoffa running your campaign, you're likely to say most anything." As it happens, Bill Loeb likes Hoffa. Wrote he in an editorial addressed to Goldwater: "One of the reasons you have the sup-

port of this newspaper is thanks to Mr. Hoffa. When a group of 'liberal' Kennedy publishers ganged up on this newspaper, who saved it? Not a conservative, but a loan from the Central States Pension Fund of the Teamsters."

Disturbing Catalogue

Among Republican presidential possibilities who insist that they are not candidates, Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton continues to impress. Last week, in a speech to the Cincinnati Council on World Affairs, he issued one of the most effective criticisms to date of U.S. foreign policy under Democratic Administrations.

"Take a look at our nation in relation to other key countries of the free world," Scranton said. "Today honest candor compels us to admit that in this relationship the political and economic position of the United States is in tumbling decline. There is a disturbing catalogue of failure and disservice."

"For six years our balance of payments has been in deficit."

"Our alliance system is still powerful, but alarming separatist tendencies threaten to dismantle its effectiveness."

"We are warned that changes of political power within the governments of our allies may weaken the NATO alliance still further."

"Among our sister republics to the South, economic unrest, the crackle of Communist subversion and a longstanding feeling of neglect combine to give grave concern in our hemisphere."

"In Southeast Asia, Viet Nam—a country whipsawed for a dozen years by savage internal warfare—is one more tragic reminder of the bruised political prestige of the United States, another discredit to our efforts to uphold the right of free nations to remain free."

"The relationships with our allies that evolved naturally following World War II are no longer accepted willingly. While we once worked side by side to overcome the ruins of a war-torn world, relations have become increasingly

fractious as many of our earlier hopes dissolve into despair.

"This steady deterioration of the political front threatens to unhinge American statecraft at precisely the time when jointly with our allies we could be making the greatest strides for freedom.

"American leadership must cease being swept along by the current of events and take the leading role. Let's get on with the task. Let us restore American leadership as a corridor to greatness."

TRIALS

Witness for the Prosecution

Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa has never won any prizes as the friendliest guy around. And he has been particularly surly during his current trial in Chattanooga on charges of jury tampering. At one point during the Government's three-week presentation, Hoffa took to addressing U.S. attorneys as "Ges-tapo agent" and "Krenlin agent." He threatened Prosecutor James F. Neal with legal proceedings against "you and your bums." Another time, Hoffa offered to fight a U.S. marshal.

What made Hoffa so disagreeable was the appearance of a surprise Government witness: Edward Grady Partin, 39, secretary-treasurer of a Baton Rouge Teamsters local—and, as it turned out, an undercover federal man during the 1962 Nashville conspiracy trial, from which the jury-tampering charges arose. In 6½ days of testimony, Partin insisted that he had been in Hoffa's confidence at the time of that trial. Hoffa, he said, had asked him to come to Nashville, told him "there might be some people he wanted me to talk to. He said that they were going to get to one juror and try to get to a few scattered jurors and take their chances." Partin quoted Hoffa as saying "I've got \$15,000 or \$20,000 to get to the jury."

When he decided to leave Nashville temporarily, Partin said, Hoffa "told me when I came back he might want me to pass something around for him. He put his hand behind his back like this." Partin added, with an appropriate gesture, "and hit his rear pocket." Later, Partin said, he remarked to Hoffa that the trial did not seem to be going well, and Hoffa replied: "Don't worry about it too much because I have the male colored juror in my hip pocket. One of my colored business agents, Campbell, came in and took care of it."

The Nashville trial ended in a hung jury. Aside from Hoffa, Larry Campbell, business agent of Hoffa's home local 299 in Detroit, and four other men are defendants in Chattanooga. When the defense's turn came last week, much of the testimony was aimed at Partin, charging him with everything from woman chasing to dope addiction. But Federal Judge Frank Wilson ruled out some of the testimony, because "we are not here to try domestic life." With Hoffa himself likely to take the stand this week, the trial seemed to be holding down to his word against Partin's.

"My State of Mind Was Fear"

Frank Sinatra Jr., 20, carbonated copy of his pop, was about as accommodating a kidnap victim as anyone could want.

Testifying in a Los Angeles federal court at the trial of three men charged with kidnaping him last Dec. 8, young Sinatra said he had been taken from his Lake Tahoe motel room "at gunpoint" but had then stretched out quietly—without being bound or gagged—in the back seat of the kidnapers' car. Later, he continued, when the car approached a roadblock full of lawmen, he suggested to his kidnapers that they might fool the cops by telling them that "we've been to a party and I've had too much to drink."

"It's Too Bad." Frank Jr. said that after a \$240,000 ransom payment from his father had been arranged, he bade a fond farewell to one of his accused ab-

ductors. John W. Irwin, 42, giving him a manly handshake and the lament, "It's too bad we couldn't have met under different circumstances." When Irwin dropped him off that night on a highway a few miles from his mother's Bel Air home, Sinatra advised him to stop where it was dark "so I won't be able to see the license plate of your car."

All this warmth and cooperation, young Frankie testified, was out of concern for "my own preservation and well-being." Said he: "My state of mind was fear." Attorneys for the three defendants—Barry W. Keenan, 23, an unemployed salesman, Joseph C. Amsler, 23, a shellfish diver, and Irwin, a house painter—thought young Sinatra's motives were quite different. The defense lawyers argued that the issue was "not who committed the crime, but was there a crime committed?" Irwin's lawyer, a bejeweled, well-over-40 platinum blonde named Gladys Towles Root, went right to the point and accused

dom bothers about. But Mrs. Root riled him when she asked, "Within the last year, did you ever say to anyone you talked to that Frank Sinatra Jr. might be a kidnap victim?" Sinatra snapped back: "Wrong!" Then he simmered down, and when asked about the phone calls he had taken from one kidnaper—identified later as Irwin—to arrange the ransom drop, Sinatra recalled that the man had constantly blubbered such things as "I'm terribly nervous, I'm upset, I sure wish I weren't in on the scheme—I don't like it no matter what it's being done for." Later Irwin turned himself in to the FBI. Agents then quickly arrested the other two defendants and found all but about \$2,000 of the ransom money.

Last week the prosecution neared completion of its case, and the defense attorneys were ready to present their case—which presumably would have quite a bit more to say about a possible hoax.



SINATRA SR.



SINATRA JR.

A Whodunit or a Wasitdun?

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THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

Target: Americans

U.S. combat advisers in South Viet Nam, slogging through paddycliffs with government troops or hovering in helicopters under fire, have long been accustomed to the grueling realities of war against the Communist Viet Cong. But until recently the U.S. colony in Saigon had gone largely unmolested by the Reds; and in the capital the war seemed strangely remote. The Americans even managed to create a *Main Street* flavor, complete with Browne Scouts, a Rotary Club and a P.T.A.

Last week the war finally came home hard to Saigon's 15,000 resident U.S. civilian and military personnel and their dependents. In a chilling new strategy, the Viet Cong had embarked on a campaign to kill Americans indiscriminately in the capital, evidently as part of the Communist effort to induce Washington to throw in the sponge.

"Hit the Deck!" In three weeks, the terrorists have killed six Americans and maimed 87, several of the latter women and children. The terror wave was believed the work of four-man Viet Cong suicide squads infiltrating the city, and the latest sabotage reflected fanatical planning. On a Sunday night, as 500 Americans watched the absorbing final ten minutes of the murder movie, *The List of Adrian Messenger*, in the U.S. community theater, from across the street a Vietnamese suddenly rushed the entrance. Holding the butt of a rusty pistol tightly in both hands, he fired two bullets point-blank into the lone MP guard, Army Pfc. Peter Feirben, 18, of Milwaukee, killing him.

On the gunman's heels came a second Vietnamese, who slid a large, square package under an iron grille protecting

the theater, then ran. In the lobby, a Navy lieutenant and a Marine captain spotted the package, raced down the aisles yelling "Hit the deck!" Amid squeaking seats, patrons tried desperately to get down. Seconds later, the package exploded, slamming a steel door into the back rows and sending great chunks of ceiling crashing onto the audience. The Marine officer who helped sound the warning was killed instantly; an Army sergeant, his face crushed beyond recognition, died two hours later. Forty-nine other Americans were injured; one pretty teen-aged girl required seven stitches in her head.

Shotgun Semester. U.S. officials hastily huddled with Junta Boss General Nguyen Khanh, who had worries of his own: a flurry of rumors suggested that army rivals were plotting to overthrow his regime. Saigon police began a district-by-district sweep through the capital, rounded up more than 100 suspected Viet Cong collaborators. But it was doubtful that the Saigon government, its once efficient security police debilitated by endless reorganization, could guarantee the protection of Americans should the Viet Cong continue the terrorist attacks. As a result, U.S. forces for the first time had to take up direct police functions. The 650 youngsters who attend Saigon's American school were transported in Navy buses with steel-mesh window guards, and with armed Navy enlisted men riding shotgun. MPs patrolled the school grounds and roof with Armalite and M-14 rifles held in raised position. Barbed-wire barricades went up in front of the U.S. embassy and other key U.S. installations.

There was no such protection, of course, for American private homes. Twenty-four hours after the movie blast, a U.S. Army captain noticed a package



"TO BE CONTINUED"

hanging from his fence. He telephoned for bomb experts, who discovered that it contained merely a grapefruit. But as investigators clustered in his yard, a terrorist buzzed up on a motorbike, threw a grenade that injured only one investigator. The incident had been an attempt to ambush an entire U.S. bomb squad.

CYPRUS

The Diplomatic Jockeys

All last week, representatives of the eleven-nation U.N. Security Council filled in and out of U. Thant's office, 38 stories above Manhattan's East River. As they emerged from their private talks with the Secretary-General, word spread through the slab-sided building that all parties were at least somewhat closer to agreement on a solution to the complex Cyprus problem.

It was an encouraging end to a week that had started tensely in the Security Council. There, in two successive



SCHOOL GUARD



WRECKED THEATER

No longer quite like Main Street.

meetings, delegates made predictable speeches—U.S. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson and Britain's Sir Patrick Dean calling for swift establishment of a peacekeeping force on the turbulent island, while Russia's Nikolai Fedorenko depicted Cyprus as the innocent victim of a dastardly NATO plot, and Greece's Dimitri Bistos argued that the island's "very existence" was threatened by invasion from Turkey.

Guarded Optimism. Then the Council adjourned for behind-the-scenes political jockeying masterminded by Secretary-General U Thant. What seemed to be emerging was a projected international peacekeeping force, under the U.N. umbrella but with a British command. The estimated 10,000 troops needed may come from such countries as Canada, Ireland and Sweden, with their governments footing the bill. An "advisory group," drawn possibly from Brazil, Morocco and Norway, will supervise the peacekeeping work, and a "neutral mediator," as yet unchosen, will be charged with getting the Greek and Turkish Cypriots to work out a solution within a three-month period.

There remain, of course, many stumbling blocks. Russia was insisting that all eleven members of the Security Council have a hand in the advisory group, and Cyprus' President Makarios grumbled that his tiny nation had room for only 7,000 foreign troops—even though an estimated 30,000 Greek Cypriots are under arms. But at least the diplomatic atmosphere had changed from blackest pessimism to guarded hope.

Familiar Target. It was high time a decision was reached. Greece has just come through its second national elections in four months, and Turkey last week was stunned when a politically disaffected gunman fired three shots point-blank at Premier Ismet Inonu but missed. On Cyprus the British troops, who have been desperately trying to prevent Cypriots from slaughtering one another, were reinforced by 1,500 men, bringing the garrison to a total of 7,000. Urgent cables from Nicosia warned that even this many troops were having a hard time keeping the peace.

The British wearily intervened at Ayios Theodoros, near Limassol, and at Kokkina, on the coast, to break up skirmishes between partisan bands of Cypriots. As his armored car backed around tight hairpin turns high above the green-black sea pounding the rocks below, with Bren guns sounding from the ridge above him, a British major grunted: "Bloody mess, this is." Each new dispatch reported more ambushes on the highways, food shortages in the isolated Turkish Cypriot villages, and new landings of guns and munitions along the coast. Most ominous of all was the news that the Cypriot terrorists were reverting to their old habit of shooting not only at one another but also at British soldiers, who were a hated target during the four-year struggle for freedom.

MAKARIOS OF CYPRUS

No one ever seems to see the same Archbishop Makarios, President of Cyprus. Those who have been involved in diplomatic negotiations find him baffling, enigmatic, and often infuriating. The 500,000 Greek Cypriots of his island home revere him as a guileless saint, a selfless patriot, and a tenderhearted humanitarian. The 100,000 Turkish Cypriots, a minority terrified of racial extinction, view him as a bloody-handed monster and "the devil of duplicity incarnate."

The man stirring up these contradictory emotions is a mystical prelate who leads an ascetic personal life. About the only ornament in his bedroom is an icon of Christ on the cross, and his combined salaries as President and archbishop (\$21,280) go to charities. Makarios is so compelling a public speaker that Cypriots flock to hear his sermons, described as "full of poetry and light and love."

Blessed Monk. Eshete Makarios comes of earthy origins. He was born Michael Mouskos in 1913 in the coastal village of Panayia. His father, a typical gnarled and baggy-troused peasant, recalls that he was a "bad goatherd," and thought him rather stupid. Not so the abbot of Kykko monastery, who was attracted by young Michael's intelligence when the boy became a novice at the age of 13; he later took the name Makarios, which means "blessed." By entering Kykko, which was founded eight centuries ago high in the Troodos Mountains, and is today the wealthiest monastery in Cyprus with assets estimated at \$56 million, Makarios was joining the "black," or celibate, clergy as opposed to the "white" Greek Orthodox priests who may marry, but who seldom rise far in the hierarchy and cannot become bishops.

Makarios was studying law and theology at the University of Athens when Greece was overrun by the Nazis. He showed his fierce patriotism and his taste for intrigue by becoming a member of the Greek resistance. In 1946, on a scholarship from the World Council of Churches, he studied theology at Boston University until called home to become a bishop.

The Orthodox Church of Cyprus has for centuries led the Greek community politically as well as spiritually. Makarios at once plunged into the *enosis* movement, calling for union of Cyprus with Greece, and staged an island-wide plebiscite in which Greek Cypriots voted 97% for *enosis*. In 1950 Makarios was elected Archbishop of Cyprus and simultaneously became Ethnarch, that is, leader of his people. He founded

a militant youth group, which grew into the terrorist EOKA, and fought a savage four-year struggle against the British garrison. Arrested and exiled to the remote Seychelles Islands for a year, Makarios returned in triumph in 1959.

Prideful Heads. When the constitution was drawn up, Makarios hailed it as a victory. "We have won!" he cried to the delirious crowd massed outside his palace. "Cyprus is free. Celebrate, my brethren, and raise your heads high with pride." He promised that Cyprus would now become a strong link between Greece and Turkey and a factor of stability in the Middle East. It might well have if Makarios had not decided that the constitution was unworkable because it conflicted "with internationally accepted democratic principles and creates sources of friction between Greek and Turkish Cypriots."

Most observers agree that the constitution is an unwieldy and difficult document. In an effort to safeguard the interests of the Turkish community, who make up 20% of the population, the constitution requires that 40% of the army, 30% of the civil service, and 30% of the police be drawn from Turkish Cypriots. Both the President and the Vice President have the right of veto over certain laws created by the House of Representatives and certain decisions of the Council of Ministers. The result is a series of deadlocks. For example, no Cypriot army has emerged because Makarios wants the units to be completely integrated while Turkish Cypriot Vice President Dr. Fazil Kuchuk holds out for separate Greek and Turkish Cypriot detachments.

Kuchuk complains that Makarios "never intended or even tried to implement the constitution. I told him it was like rejecting a new car before even trying it out. I urged him every day to press the starter and try it. He never tried. He killed the constitution as he'd always planned to do. He only signed it to get rid of the British."

Makarios smilingly denies Kuchuk's indictment, but does concede that he always had a number of "objections and strong misgivings" about the constitution he signed in 1959. Last November he sent to all interested parties 13 proposals for amending the constitution. Since the amendments would obviously diminish the influence of Turkish Cypriots, the government of Turkey at once rejected them, and both factions on the island took out their guns, oiled and cleaned them, and began the shooting that the U.N. is now trying to stop.

GREECE

Under the Knife

Greece's King Paul has been ailing for some time. He recovered slowly from an appendectomy last May, and an illness officially diagnosed as lumbago forced him to cancel all recent public appearances. Last week, looking haggard and pained, Paul managed to attend the swearing in of the government of new Premier George Papandreu. That over, Paul abruptly took to his bed, named his only son, Constantine, 23, Regent of Greece, and temporarily stepped down from the throne to undergo a stomach operation.

Court physicians claimed that the King was suffering from an old ulcer, but two eminent British cancer specialists were flown from London to take part in the operation. The surgery was performed in an emergency operating room set up in Tatoi palace, 15 miles north of Athens; a helicopter waited on the palace lawn to fly the King to a hospital if necessary. After 4 hours in the operating room, the five-man surgical team pronounced the operation a success, but Greece was gloomy.

Attention naturally focused on Greece's new young Regent. For the past eight years, Constantine has been carefully groomed to take over the throne. He was commissioned in the army, navy and air force, and often sat in when his father talked with government ministers. Tall, lean, and athletic, he won an Olympic Games yachting gold medal in 1960, becoming the first Greek Olympic winner in half a century. Last year Constantine became engaged to his cousin, 17-year-old Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark, whom he will marry next January. "Our engagement was sudden, not planned beforehand by our parents," he said. "It was the first time in my life I took a decision without asking my father."



ANNE-MARIE & CONSTANTINE
Trained for the throne.

King Paul's operation came four days after Papandreu achieved a smashing triumph at the polls. The new Premier's middle-of-the-road Center Union coalition had bagged 174 of 300 parliamentary seats for a comfortable 70-seat margin over the right-wing National Radical Union of former Premier Constantine Karamanlis, who exiled himself to Paris three months ago. A spell-binding if sometime demagogic orator, Papandreu, 76, won Winston Churchill's admiration as Greece's first post-war Premier, is a witty, popular anti-Communist who can work with Greek leftists without raising their hackles as Karamanlis did. Papandreu has salted his top Cabinet posts with fiscal conservatives, is pledged primarily to rural redevelopment and to raising the standards of Greek education. With Greece's attention focused on the ailing King, Papandreu was in a sound position to push his program.

PAKISTAN

How to Be Friendly Without Getting Seduced

In Karachi last week, the gold-starred red flag of Communist China fluttered in the streets, even in front of the ultramodern U.S. embassy. Overhead were strung banners hailing "Chinese-Pakistani Friendship" and welcoming joyfully, if inaccurately, "Chaw En-lai."

The poker-faced object of these salutations, China's Premier Chou En-lai, 65, arrived by chartered KLM plane for an eight-day visit to Pakistan, a nation of 100 million people that was once solidly pro-Western and is still a member of both CENTO and SEATO, which were set up for the purpose of containing Communism. Yet since 1962, Pakistan and Red China have 1) settled their border problems, 2) signed a trade agreement, and 3) made an air treaty under which Pakistan International Airlines will begin flights to Canton and Shanghai this summer, with reciprocal rights for Chinese aircraft at Dacca and Karachi.

Playing Footsie. Both on and off the record, Pakistan's Dictator-President Mohammed Ayub Khan has tried to soothe U.S. feelings by insisting that his country stands firmly by its Western alliances and intends no military or non-aggression pacts with China. Then why is Pakistan playing footsie with Peking? The answer seems to be that Ayub Khan has long shared with his countrymen the conviction that Pakistan is surrounded by enemies: huge India, which still keeps the major portion of its army on the cease-fire line in divided Kashmir; hostile Afghanistan, which wants to carve a new Pathan nation out of northern Pakistan; pro-Indian Russia; and dangerous, expansion-minded Communist China.

Until last year, Pakistan relied entirely on its U.S. alliance, confident that



CHOU & AYUB
Toasts in crystal goblets.

with Washington's backing it could safely resist any foe. But when U.S. and British military aid poured into India after the shattering reverses of the 1962 Himalayan war, Pakistan panicked. Ayub Khan and other top officials hold as an article of faith the belief that India will never use its rebuilt army against the Chinese, but may well employ it against archfoe Pakistan. Given this state of mind, it seemed only logical to break through the "encirclement" by reaching an understanding with one of its big neighbors also on bad terms with India, namely, China.

84¢ a Day. As for Chou En-lai, he seemed happy enough just to be the invited guest of a U.S. ally. He went dutifully through his official tour, from laying a wreath at the tomb of Pakistan's founder, Ali Jinnah, to trudging through a large textile plant, where he smiled with satisfaction on discovering that a white-haired employee earned 84¢ a day. At week's end Chou flew up to Rawalpindi and was warmly greeted by handsome Ayub Khan, wearing a jaunty astrakhan hat. Here the street banners read DOWN WITH INDIAN IMPERIALISM IN KASHMIR, but if they were intended to prod Chou into a public expression of support against India, they failed. The two leaders toasted each other with gold-edged crystal goblets, were served by a retinue of turbaned, white-clad waiters, and exchanged platitudes about peace, friendship and Afro-Asian unity.

Ironically, Chou was everywhere surrounded by evidence of massive U.S. aid. When he landed at Rawalpindi airport, Pakistan's new, U.S.-supplied C-130 transport planes hulked on the runways, and the trim honor guard presented arms with U.S. rifles. After a 31-hour private discussion with his Red visitor, Ayub Khan suddenly called a press conference.

Very Frank Truth. Chou was merely making a friendly visit, he insisted. "The whole world today visits each other.

The world is on the move—it is the pattern of life." He again maintained there was no conflict between friendship with China and Pakistan's membership in CENTO and SEATO. Reminded that the pacts had been organized to provide defense against Red aggression, Ayub Khan said amiably and ambiguously: "Well, that's the way our friends, the Americans and the British, like to see it." Obviously referring to India, he added: "Our complaint against CENTO and SEATO—to tell the very frank truth—is that our friends have never realized that we are also under constant threat from another direction." And finally, Ayub Khan offered his "good offices" to bring about "some sort of agreement" between the U.S. and Red China. In his talks with Chou, said Ayub Khan, one thing had emerged very clearly: "That the Chinese are prepared to be reasonable with anyone who is prepared to be reasonable with them."

THE AZORES

Shucks! No Lava

For seven days, the isle of São Jorge in the Portuguese Azores pitched like a cork. It was another of the unsettling earthquakes that periodically shake the middle-Atlantic archipelago. As São Jorge's 20,000 inhabitants fled into the streets, at least 1,200 of their stone and tile houses crumbled, and the local jailer saved the lives of his five prisoners by freeing them on parole shortly before the hoosegow collapsed. An eleven-ship rescue fleet evacuated 1,800 islanders, whose chief, and understandable, concern was the plight of their abandoned un milked cows.

At week's end, however, the shocks eased—and at that there was even some disappointment, reflected by the housewife who complained: "All that scare and trouble, and no lava." The truth is that many São Jorgeans were hoping to share the fate of the victims of a 1957 volcanic eruption which poured ash over the neighboring island of Faial. The U.S. Congress passed Public Law 85-892 providing 1,500 special nonquota immigrant visas for destitute Faleiros, and they sailed off happily to live in the U.S.

GABON

De Gaulle to the Rescue

Of all the nations carved from French Africa, none is less populous or more richly endowed with natural resources than tiny Gabon. With a population of only 450,000, it is one of the biggest producers of uranium and manganese in the franc zone, and its magnetic deposits of iron ore (1 billion tons) are just beginning to be tapped. Hence French President Charles de Gaulle's sudden interest last week in a political upheaval in the steaming, rain-forested republic. No sooner had an army coup toppled

Gabon's President Léon Mba than De Gaulle came to the rescue. With a lightning strike of planes and paratroopers, he restored Mba to power and demonstrated that the grand Gaullist manner extends to darkest Africa as well as to Europe and America.

Rude Awakening. No African leader had seemed more secure than pro-Gaullist Mba (pronounced um-bah), who won a 99.6% mandate in 1961. But the overwhelming mandate was illusory. Mba won it only by promising his archrival, Jean-Hilaire Aubame, the prestigious Foreign Minister's portfolio. Aubame had only one thing in common with Mba—the roots and culture of the once-cannibalistic Fang people, a tribe that has dominated Gabon's northern reaches since the early 1800s. Last year, when Mba tried to ease Aubame out of the Cabinet by offering him the presidency of the Supreme Court, the deal fell through. As chief of the opposition,

he became provisional Prime Minister, and looting got under way.

It looked as if Mba had followed in the inominous path of Dahomey's Hubert Maga and the Congo Republic's Fulbert Youlou, both of whose governments were toppled last year. De Gaulle did not choose to intervene in those insurrections. This time, however, more was at stake. Claiming that the Gabon coup did not have popular support, De Gaulle implemented a "mutual defense" agreement signed in 1960 when Gabon became independent. Eleven hours after Mba's rude awakening, French help was on its way.

"Total Punishment." Down from Dakar and Brazzaville-winged two companies of paratroopers under the overall command of General René Cagny, the hero of Dienbienphu. At 2 p.m. they began landing at the Libreville airport, where the rebels provisionally had failed to erect obstacles on the runway.



SCHWEITZER & MBA (1962)
An end to pardon and pity.

Aubame insisted on also keeping his National Assembly seat. Last month, with the defeat of a bill aimed at eliminating one of Aubame's two jobs, Mba flew into a rage and tried to force his rival out. He dissolved Parliament, called for new elections, and reduced the number of seats from 60 to 47. This "economy measure" would have given Mba a one-party state, but he reckoned without his 400-man army.

Early last week a handful of junior army and police officers crept into the white, bougainvillea-shrouded presidential mansion overlooking Libreville's humid harbor. The sleeping President was hauled from his bed with a revolver in his side, then found himself quickly spirited off to the Baraka military camp outside the capital. When Libreville awoke, the rebels had control of the airport, post office, radio station and government buildings. The coup committee announced that "Léon Mba and his acolytes" had been thrown out, named Au-

The troopers swept through the city with little resistance, but the coup leaders made a stand at Baraka. Sending Mba off under guard to a village near Dr. Albert Schweitzer's hospital at Lambaréné, the rebels prepared to meet the imminent French attack. It came next morning as French fighters stooped like falcons from the tropic sky, sent ball and tracer lashing into the army camp. For five hours, mortars and machine guns pounded the stronghold. Then, guns blazing, the paratroopers bulldozed through the gate, and the coup was countered—less than 42 hours after it began. One paratrooper and 15 rebels died in the fight.

Returning to Libreville, Mba made it clear that if he had been tough on the opposition before, he now would be hell on wheels. Pledging "no pardon or pity" but rather "total punishment"—probably death—for the insurrectionists, he seemed to have reached his original goal: an unopposed oligarchy.

WEST GERMANY

The Young City

The citizen of Munich who found himself stranded outside Bavaria had until recently an easy cure for his *Heimweh*. All he had to do was pick up a telephone, dial 0811, and listen. Over the wire came a soft, feminine whisper: "München... München... München..." The tape recording made strong men weep and buoyed up thousands of dispirited travelers, but finally the Munich telephone company had to discontinue the service. Homesick Münchners were tying up all the lines.

To the residents of Munich, their city is not just Bavaria's capital and Germany's third largest city (after Berlin and Hamburg). It is Elysium on the Isar River—a steep-roofed, cobblestoned corner of heaven awash with foamy *Doppelbier* and festooned in *Weisswürste*, the pale, succulent sausage that Münchners munch by the mile. It is a music center that thunders with Wagner and bubbles with Bach. It is an art center with a proud history of avant-garde innovation. It is a sports center, boasting 75 lakes and forests within 30 miles of the city, and on a clear day the ski slopes of the Alps loom pale blue just 30 miles to the south, over the twin onion domes of the Frauenkirche. As far as the Münchner is concerned,

the rest of Germany is Prussia—cold, square, unbearably dull. For all his exaggeration, he has a point.

A Shot at the Good Life. Munich is easily the most exciting city in West Germany, largely because it is a young city. More than half of its 1,160,000 inhabitants are under 40, and 89% have yet to reach 65. Its lord mayor, 38-year-old Hans-Jochen Vogel, is West Germany's youngest civic leader, and Julius Cardinal Döpfner, at 50, is one of Roman Catholicism's leading liberals and youngest princes. Youth means vigor, and with an 8% annual economic-growth rate, Munich is the most vigorous city in the Bundesrepublik.

It was not always that way. Before World War II, when Berlin was center of Germany's culture and commerce, Munich was something of a backwater looked on with disdain by German sophisticates. Then came the Communists to surround the old capital in what became occupied Germany's Soviet Zone. Thousands of Berlin's remaining intellectuals, businessmen and bureaucrats fled; and many of the best ended in the Bavarian capital, giving Munich much of its present sparkle.

During World War II, Munich was savaged by 71 Allied heavy bomber raids that flattened 45% of its buildings and virtually leveled the Old City at its heart. Enough rubble clogged the streets

to build two Egyptian pyramids, but Munich was not interested in tombs. The ruined buildings were restored, in many cases stone for stone, the way they were before the war, and today the city is a pleasant hodgepodge of architectural styles, running the gamut from grim Gothic to glass-and-steel modern, with ample home-grown Rococo sandwiched between. Primarily a center of light industry, Munich today provides 700,000 jobs (and has 18,700 unfilled), turns out everything from optical equipment and ready-to-wear clothing to motorcycles and beer—of which the Münchners drink 230 liters a year v. 108 for the average German. With 70 hotels, hundreds of *Gaststätten* and more than 4,000 restaurants, Munich is adequately equipped to handle the 1,500,000 tourists who visit each year.

Roasted in Watermelon. From this healthy economic base, the Münchner has a clear shot at the good life, and he rarely misses. His calendar is studded with festive occasions. After a *Silvestertag* (New Year's Eve) awash with bubbly *Sekt*, comes the pre-Lenten bacchanal of Fasching—a whirl of costume balls and bawdiness that ends with Ash Wednesday. Fasching is followed by the "strong-beer season," which tides the Münchner over Lent. Then comes Easter, closely followed by *Maihohezeit* and its flood of dark beer. Loudest of all is the *Oktoberfest*—an autumnal beer bust that runs for 16 days, ostensibly celebrating the wedding in 1810 of Crown Prince Ludwig of Bavaria and Princess Therese von Sachsen-Altenburg.

Between official holidays, the Münchner can turn to his city's fine restaurants and nightclubs for diversion. One of the best restaurants is the *Walterspiel* in the elegant *Vier Jahreszeiten* (Four Seasons) Hotel. The *Walterspiel* glistens with crystal chandeliers, glows with red-plush banquettes, and offers the tastiest crayfish in Europe. For \$15, a guest can order a double portion of *Ente in der Melone*—duck with red wine, Pernod, foie gras and truffles, roasted in watermelon. Though beer is the civic drink, Munich's restaurants pride themselves on comprehensive wine lists (both German and French), while one, the *Schwarzwälder*, offers 467 vintage wines and no beer at all.

Culture & Concupiscence. But to Munich, culture is every bit as important as cuisine. The city sinks \$5,000,000 a year into its theaters, museums, and music facilities—and the taste of Bavaria adds another \$7,500,000 to give Munich the most heavily subsidized cultural complex in Germany. The city offers 8,000 seats a night to theater, ballet, opera and music buffs—twice as many as Berlin—and usually they are filled. There are no fewer than 22 legitimate theaters, plus four excellent marionette theaters and two cabarets (the Laugh-and-Shoot Club and the





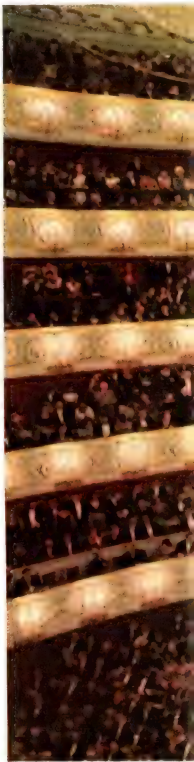
MUNICH WHIRLS into pre-Lenten Fasching festivities with verve and style that makes Münchners pacesetters in turning prosperity into the good life. Carnival ball celebrat-

ing coronation of Fasching Prince and Princess was held in huge Deutsches Theater, decorated with flying bikes, carts and locomotives to fit overall theme of "Dream Wings."



CITY OF MUSIC LOVERS supports three opera houses. Above is climac-

tie scene from Munich-born Richard Strauss's *Woman Without a Shadow*.



RESTORED HOF THEATER, bombed and burned during World War II, is an opulently regilded rococo setting for chamber music, plays and (left) Christian Dior charity fashion show.



REBUILT NATIONALTHEATER, an opera house close by the smaller Hoftheater, was filled for gala, \$125-a-seat premiere to celebrate \$20 million restoration last November.

During intermissions, audience descends to elegant restaurant for snacks of Strasbourg *pâte de foie gras* and smoked filet of trout, topped off with Mumm and Veuve Clicquot.



ACTRESSES Ellen and Ingrid Farnsteiner (loose tresses) lunch at Opern

Espresso Restaurant with Operatic Soprano Maria Grey, Actor Bob Wilz.



LENS MANUFACTURER Rolf Rodenstock, 46, is leading industrialist and popular university economics professor.



ART DEALER Julius Böhler, 35, is fourth-generation owner of foremost antiques gallery in Germany.

GALLERY OWNER Dorothea Leonhart backs such abstractionists as Jochen Seidel (*below*).



EDITOR IN CHIEF Hermann Proebst, 60, has made newspaper *Süddeutsche Zeitung* one of Germany's best dailies.



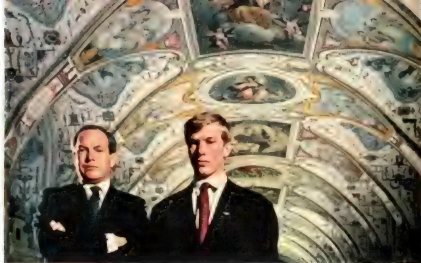
GOSSIP COLUMNIST Hannes Obermaier, 40, chats with Jet Setter Heidi Pappas and Actress Renate Schubert.



COMPOSER Carl Orff, 68, is currently scoring opera *Oedipus at Colonus*, to be sung in classic Greek.



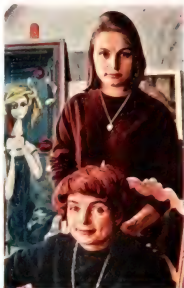
FINANCIER Rudolf Münnemann, 56, is seated with his charming daughter Angela.



PRINCE Konstantin and son and heir Leopold stand in Antiquarium, ancestral hall of Wittelsbachs, until 1918 the ruling family of Bavaria.



ARTIST Bele Bachem used 23-year-old Daughter Bettina as model for "mannerist-surrealist" portrait.





BACH CHOIR, here shown rehearsing under leadership of Director Karl Richter, draws heavily on students, has become one of most prestigious organizations in Munich.

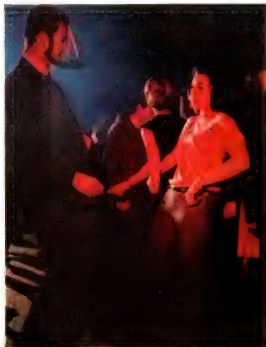
NYMPHENBURG PALACE GARDENS attract strollers even in misty winter. Covering 1,000 acres and laced by Würm River, royal gardens grew through three centuries.





STUDENT ART hangs from half-mile clothesline strung in artist and student quarter of Schwabing, district that includes University of Munich, Germany's largest, attracting students from all over Europe.

district that includes University of Munich, Germany's largest, attracting students from all over Europe.



SOCIETY BELLES in Wittelsbach Antiquarium relax against a background of traditional elegance as merchant's daughter and friend (left) chat with a museum director's son and blonde Briton.

YOUTHFUL NIGHTSPOT in Schwabing is Club de Paris, where sleekly casual fräuleins mix Scotch and hully gully.



RUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC in Stachus (or Karlsplatz) pours toward 14th century gate (right) in stepped-up tempo of new prosperity. In background, twin towers of Frauenkirche

loom over the city, the third largest and fastest growing in Germany. With 280,000 vehicles already choking streets, Munich is constructing subways to alleviate the congestion.

Onion) specializing in political satire. Last week the offerings on the boards ranged from Molière's *The Misanthrope* to Ionesco's new *The King Dies*.

Munich has been a music center since the 16th century, when the culture-conscious Wittelsbachs brought in Italian opera (the first in Germany). Among its native sons the city proudly counts Richard Strauss, and the echoes of the many operas of Bayreuth's Richard Wagner still ring through Munich as heroically as they did for mad King Ludwig II. Currently in residence are such modern greats as Carl Orff, Werner Egk and Hans Werner Henze. Munich's opera, performed in the newly restored Nationaltheater, is rated as Germany's best. And thanks to Director Karl Richter, Munich has become a well-tempered center for the works of Bach.

On Leopoldstrasse. There are plenty of alternative diversions. Munich's many art galleries include the famed Alte Pinakothek, with its splendid collections of Durer, Rembrandt, Raphael, Titian and Rubens. Munich claims to be the birthplace of modern art, and indeed its Blaue Reiter group pioneered in the abstract movement; Munich's galleries today are loaded with the works of Kandinsky and Klee. Schwabing, the city's bohemian quarter, which won its reputation thanks to Kandinsky & Co., is still an art center, with more than 2,000 painters and sculptors at work.

Schwabing's broad, café-lined Leopoldstrasse also throngs with students from Ludwig-Maximilians University, Germany's largest, with 22,400 enrollment. In bohemian bistros like the See-rose, where Kandinsky once caroused, the talk runs the gamut from Johnson (Uwe) to Johnson (Lyndon), while the beer flows on and on. But unlike the emaciated, hollow-eyed beatniks of Paris and New York, Munich's young bohemians exude a ruddy outdoor glow.



HOFBRÄUHAUS
230 liters a year.

The girls have shining hair, and they wear colorful, skintight ski pants the year round, while the boys are usually beardless and strong-featured in their bright, V-necked sweaters.

After dark Münchners and tourists flock to the Five Bar, where Mandy Rice-Davies recently made her professional debut (as a singer) and dress-hustling B-girls quaff French champagne while nudes stroll through a cage full of tigers. Aleco's headquarters for the sports-car set, has walls hung with a Scots tartan, sells Scotch for only 50c a drink. As the jukebox blares, the patrons—clad in everything from Dior gowns to dungarees—stomp through the hully gully. Munich's promiscuity is an unfeeling sort, and only during Fasching does it become objectionable. Then it seems to become almost public, and a judge recently ruled that adultery during Fasching was not sufficient grounds for divorce.

A Gaggles of Princelings. A ring of royalty surrounds Munich, making it the society center of Germany. The gaggle of local princelings includes Habsburgs and Hohenzollerns, lesser-known Hatzfeldts and Croys, but the dominant family is the Wittelsbachs, who ruled Bavaria from 1180 to 1918, when Karl Finsler's revolution threw them out. The Wittelsbachs still live in the splendid Nymphenburg Castle—Munich's Versailles—and their shadow court dominates the city's social life. At the Aristocrats' Ball, held earlier this month in the Vier Jahreszeiten Hotel, only those patricians with at least 32 titled ancestors were admitted. But for all their blueblood, Munich's aristocrats are far from haughty, and the nontitled hostess can usually decorate her soiree with a few barons and perhaps a prince or two. It is easier to get a Wittelsbach to dinner than it is a Siemens, whose ancestors were simple mechanics before Werner von Siemens founded the

electrical works that today is Munich's biggest industrial plant.

Overseeing all this cultural and social activity are Munich's newspapers. Best is the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, whose editorialists and critics manage a skillful mixture of pith and punditry. The *Abendzeitung*, jazzy with sex and scandal stories, also has a lively two-page cultural section. Its gossip columnist, Hannes ("Hunter") Obermaier, is Germany's Winchell, and it is the only paper in Germany that regularly carries Art Buchwald and Walter Lippmann.

The Lady & the Duck. Munich has a long tradition of tolerance. "The charlatan always has a chance here," says one proud resident. And indeed it was in Munich that Adolf Hitler got his start with the Beer Hall Putsch in 1923. But the tolerance shows up in other ways—6,000 of West Germany's remaining 24,000 Jews live in Munich, and Dr. Herbert Hohenemser, who administers the city's cultural program, is one of the best-known Jewish re-emergents. And where else would people take notice of such characters as the old lady who pushes her pet duck along the streets in a pram each day, the two quacking away joyously at one another in their own special Münchener dialect.

Elvisium would not be complete, however, without a flaw. Munich's is the *Föhn*—a warm, dry wind that sweeps down from the Alps and drives Münchners mad—or so they claim. Strangely enough, newcomers to the city are not affected by the *Föhn*. But they soon catch on to the quaint folkways. Last week the *Föhn* was blowing, and all Munich moaned about head-ache. Münchners staggered through the slushy streets with coated tongues and spots before their eyes. Then, just when everything was at its bleakest, salvation arrived. Lord Mayor Vogel inaugurated the strong-beer season, and in a flood of potent, malt-thick beer, the city revived.



MAYOR VOGEL
Hall under 40.

NEW GUINEA

Stone Age Election

Deep in the rain forests of New Guinea, native boys must undergo a kind of tribal bar mitzvah in which reeds are forced up their noses and down their throats to bleed out the spirits of their mothers. Some tribal warriors still eat a slice of a dead victim's liver to absorb his magic. Barely out of the Stone Age, this primitive land, composed of Australian Papua and the United Nations trust territory of Northeast New Guinea, was last week nevertheless preparing itself for self-government.

New Guinea's quest for autonomy was hastened by the freedom had among the world's underdeveloped nations. Fearful of being branded colonialist, Australia, which administers both

natives complained that the voter shown on one of the election drawings was unknown to them. "Dispela man humbug mi no lookin dispela man wantan hepo," said the tribal spokesman in fluent pidgin. ("This is humbug! I've never seen this fellow before.")

Interest in the election has spurred the revival of native "cargo cults." Cultists believe that white men do not work, that they merely write secret symbols on scraps of paper, for which they receive plane-loads of "cargo"—boats, tractors, houses, cars and canned goods. After the election, cultists believe that they will inherit the white man's magic to make goods materialize without doing any work. To show faith in their belief, some have killed their pigs in sacrificial offering; others have hacked airstrips out of the bush for the planes that will bring in the cargo.

A Day's Walk. Fortnight ago, the month-long polling process actually began. No literacy or property qualifications restricted the universal adult suffrage. Though torrential rains cut down the early turnout, helicopters dropped into remote villages carrying Fiberglas ballot boxes and collapsible polling booths. No voter was more than a day's walk from a polling station. In each district, natives placed their marks beside the name and picture of the candidates of their choice. In all, 299 candidates campaigned for seats in the 64-member House of Assembly; ten seats are appointive, ten reserved exclusively for white candidates, and the rest open to white or black campaigners.

Final returns will not be tabulated before April. Until the new Assembly votes for complete independence, Australia will maintain a legislative veto over proceedings, keep funneling in the annual \$50 million in economic aid on which the new country is completely dependent. Little is expected of the House of Assembly. Of the six elected native members in the old colonial legislature, not one ever proposed a bill.



VOTERS READYING FOR THE POLLS
Dreaming of the cargo.

territories, reluctantly stepped up its self-government timetable. Seven months ago, 400 electoral teams began penetrating the interior to teach the natives the rudiments of democracy. Their task was complicated by the fact that among New Guinea's 2,000,000 people, nearly 750 different languages are spoken. The lingua franca is pidgin—an amalgam of missionary English, Malay, and local dialects.

"Dispela Man Humbug." So eager were the natives to learn about democracy that word filtered over the bush telegraph that no electoral patrols would be attacked, "even with sticks and stones." In 12,000 villages and thousands of isolated hamlets, the teams used films to teach the natives voting techniques. To offset tribal boredom, lectures were interspersed with tape recordings of local "sing-sing" music. But presentations occasionally flopped. In one back-country village,

died, and native families poured into already overcrowded cities. In Surabaya, Indonesia's third largest city, 75,000 beggars roamed the streets; half-naked children, five and six years old, begged for parents too weak to walk the pavements themselves.

The famine has been compounded by President Sukarno's economic boycott of neighboring Malaysia, which is a major rice supplier. Shortages have boosted rice prices 100% in the past six months, and so much of the Indonesian economy is tied up in Sukarno's military harassment of Malaysia that almost no cash is available to buy rice on the world market. Sukarno's dilemma is that a retreat from the anti-Malaysia campaign would only focus his people's attention on their bleak plight and encourage Indonesia's Communist Party, which is presently excluded from his government, to become more politically active.

IRAN

Vindication for Eftehaj

Iran's government was plainly playing politics when it arrested peppery Abol Hassan Eftehaj in 1961 and charged him vaguely with extravagance and misuse of government funds. For years, he had been the highly successful head of the Plan Organization, under which most of Iran's biggest economic development projects had been accomplished. He had also been a prosperous banker known widely for his scrupulous business methods.

The only thing Eftehaj lacked, in fact, was control over his angry tongue. He had bitter, controversial views on almost everything; irascibly, he lashed out in speeches at corruption in the government, dared even to criticize the coterie of advisers around Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. Once he told the Shah how lucky the royal palace was to have a man like Eftehaj around, a remark not calculated to amuse the sensitive monarch.

What happened after that has never been very clear, but Eftehaj found himself clapped into jail for seven months, and only after protests from his friends abroad was he released on a bond. It was some bond: a whopping \$140 million signed guarantee that Eftehaj would not skip Teheran. Most of the collateral was contributed by sympathetic Iranians in the form of land deeds, securities and cash pledges.

Court processes dragged on interminably, though virtually all government officials were by then privately admitting that the charges against Eftehaj were baseless. Recently, he was offered an important advisory post with the World Bank, and it was this perhaps that stirred action in the prosecutor's office. Last week, a government lawyer produced a detailed decision. Eftehaj, 64, could breathe easily. All the charges were "without foundation," said the prosecutor, and the case was closed.

INDONESIA

Of Rice & Rats

During Ramadan, the Moslem month of fasting, no believer is supposed to take food or drink from sunrise to sunset. But as Ramadan ended, the religious fasting in large parts of Indonesia had become full-scale famine. Parched by drought, the rice crop in Java had failed; in Bali, last year's eruption of the Gunung Agung volcano had buried two of the island's largest rice areas under volcanic ash. In central Java, an invasion of rats, many 18 inches long from head to tail, had decimated rice stores and created a serious threat of bubonic plague; in east Java, local extermination campaigns have already accounted for the death of 7,000,000 rats.

Nearly 1,000,000 people were on a starvation diet in Java; scores have already died of malnutrition. Peasant villages emptied as food supplies dwindle.

In 1917, Russia took all status away from its officers. It ruined the Army.

Thoughts on First Class travel—a series by American Airlines.

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CUBA

End of the Water War

As a PT boat commander in World War II, John D. Bulkeley rescued General Douglas MacArthur from Corregidor and won a Congressional Medal of Honor for "extraordinary heroism." A rear admiral now and C.O. of the U.S. Naval Base at Guantánamo Bay, Bulkeley, 52, is not the sort to take any guff from Fidel Castro. Last week, when Castro accused the base of using suction pumps to draw off on the sly some 114,000 gallons of Cuban water daily, Bulkeley replied: "Hogwash." Guantánamo was using its own water—the mains from Cuban territory were shut tight. "Castro is calling me a liar," said the admiral, "and I'm mad."

Bulkeley then ordered workmen with saws and acetylene torches to the scene, watched as they cut the two pipes leading into the base from Cuba, thus shutting off Castro's water once and for all. Said Bulkeley: "That's it, and to hell with it."

In Key West, meanwhile, the Cuban fishermen who had touched off the whole incident by illegally entering U.S. waters went on trial before a Florida judge. The 25 crewmen were declared innocent since they were acting under orders. But the four captains of the fishing boats were found guilty of poaching, were each fined \$500 (paid by the Czech embassy in Washington), and given suspended six-month jail terms. They were then put aboard their boats and sent home to Cuba with a warning not to return.

PANAMA

No End to Rigidity

After eight days on the scene in Panama, a five-nation OAS investigation team (Brazil, Costa Rica, Mexico, Paraguay, Uruguay) flew back to Washington last week, unwilling to side either with Panama or the U.S. on the Jan. 9 Canal Zone riots. Officially the investigators kept a diplomatic silence pending a formal report to the OAS Council. Unofficially they said they found no real proof of U.S. charges that Castroites had instigated the first riots—though pictures of later fighting did show Communist troublemakers in the forefront. The diplomats also concluded that U.S. troops along the Canal Zone border were probably "too forceful" in their defense against invading mobs. Yet Panama, as some of the diplomats conceded privately, was hardly a "victim of U.S. aggression," had no legitimate reason to claim sanctions under the Rio inter-American defense treaty.

Behind the scenes, the OAS tried hard to bring the two nations back to the conference table. The U.S. repeatedly assured Panama of its willingness

to discuss all grievances once diplomatic relations were resumed. But the Panamanians, if anything, were becoming even more rigid in their demands for an advance U.S. commitment to renegotiate the 1903 canal treaty. The continuing deadlock had many Latin American diplomats worried. Warned an OAS ambassador: "The Panamanian economy is stagnating, the people are restive and unpredictable—and the government is keeping the blame on the U.S."

MEXICO

A Pinch of Salt

Mexico's Adolfo López Mateos looked up at President Johnson—all 6 ft. 3 in. of him. Then he grinned and said: "If I had remembered you were so tall, I would have brought my high heels." The easygoing joke set a relaxed tone for Johnson's first official meeting with a Latin American chief of state.

At U.C.L.A. both Presidents donned cap and gown to receive honorary doctor of laws degrees. Later they flew to Palm Springs, called on Dwight Eisenhower (it was, said Ike, "just an evening with old friends") and settled down to private talks. The agenda inevitably included disarmament, the lagging Alliance for Progress, what to do about Panama and Cuba, but no treaties were signed, no formal decisions taken. Now that the Chamizal dispute on the Rio Grande has been settled, Mexico and the U.S. have few major outstanding disagreements. There is one issue—a minor one as international flaps go—that continues to bother the Mexicans, and López Mateos gently prodded Johnson to devise a speedy solution. It concerns the Colorado River, which rolls through the arid U.S. Southwest and down across the line into Mexico.

In Arizona, the Colorado has made the desert bloom. But by the time the river crosses the border, the Mexicans complain, the water has been used and

re-used so often for irrigation of high-alkaline land that it is "poisoned with U.S. salt." Under a 1944 treaty, the U.S. promised to share the Colorado for irrigation purposes, and guaranteed Mexico 1,500,000 acre-feet of water each year. Mexico built a dam, dug irrigation canals and before long brought the once-desolate Mexicali region to life. But in 1961 the water became too salty to drink, and cotton died in the fields. Under the new Wellton-Mohawk reclamation project, U.S. farmers were using irrigation water to leach out excess salt from their desert soil—and were flushing the residue back into the Colorado, whose salt content rose alarmingly from 800 parts per million to more than 2,500.

By international law, Mexico could make a case against the U.S., charging stream pollution. As a temporary measure to dilute the brine, U.S. engineers pump fresh water into the Colorado. Under consideration are several more expensive ways out, including a 65-mile canal to divert Wellton-Mohawk's salty waters to the Gulf of California.

The Man from Córdoba

The short, slight Spaniard stepped from the plane at Tijuana, wearing dark glasses and a grey suede jacket, his brown hair sprouting like hay from beneath a maroon-banded straw hat. Clamoring promoters, elbowing newsmen and shrieking fans crowded around Manuel Benítez, 26, known as El Cordobés, the newest sensation of the bullfight world. He has been a professional less than three years, was not even a full-fledged matador until last May. But this year he will appear in close to 100 *corridos* in Spain and Latin America—and make about \$1,000,000, far more than even Manolete in his prime.

From the airport, El Cordobés and entourage drove to a motel to rest. At noon, while 16,000 fans filed into the nearby arena, he was awakened from his nap. His companion, a platinum-blond waitress from Los Angeles, came



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EL CORDOBÉS



EXECUTING A "DERECHAZO" AT TIJUANA
Only the faena is fun.

in but was gently pushed into a bathroom while the bullfighter dressed. Barnaby Conrad, author of *Encyclopedia of Bullfighting*, had flown down from San Francisco for the fight and dropped in to say hello, wearing a sweatshirt adorned with a picture of Manolete. At last, El Cordobés put on his sequined jacket of violet silk, and the blonde emerged from the bathroom, where she had been softly crying. He flipped her on the behind with a towel, and she smiled. Then someone shouted, "Ay, Matador!" and it was off to the Plaza in a rear of police motorcycles.

Courage & Cornadas. El Cordobés many critics consider it sacrilege to mention him in the same breath with Manolete, Belmonte, Dominguín, Ordóñez, or Paco Camino, whom experts regard as *Número Uno* today. They call El Cordobés a novice, sneer at his clumsy work with the capote, the large cape, and his limited repertory with the smaller muleta; they say he is a hacker with a sword, killing slowly and without style. Far from being *Número Uno*, says one Mexico City expert, "he is a little clown, a tourist's bullfighter."

But one thing everyone agrees on is El Cordobés' courage. No one ever worked closer to the bull, no one has ever exhibited such disdain for the horns—and few have been gored more often in such a short career. El Cordobés counts twelve severe *cornadas*. It may not be classic bullfighting, in which the object is grace as well as guts, but it electrifies the crowds.

The son of a peasant, he was born in Córdoba, the Moorish city in southern Spain, and picked it for his matador's name. At 15 he entered village amateur events, determined, as he recalls it, to do or die for his widowed mother: "I told her, 'I will dress you in mourning or I will buy you a house.'" In 1960, his first professional season, he killed 72 young bulls—and ragged though he was, won 90 ears. 31 tails, 13 hoofs for his heart-stopping brushes

with death. The next year he fought 109 bulls and was the idol of shopgirls and peasants. He had five *pasodobles* composed for him, played himself in a movie of his life, called *Learning to Die*. "I never learned from a master," he says. "The bull taught me."

Closer, Always Closer. At Tijuana's Plaza Monumental last week, El Cordobés hardly seemed interested in the bull during two-thirds of the first fight. He made a few simple passes with the big cape, quickly led the animal to the mounted picador, who weakened its shoulder muscles with his lance. He did not place the dartlike *banderillas* himself—he is not very good at it. But then came the *faena*, the final "act," in which the matador exchanges the big cape for the small, red muleta, and slowly leads the charging bull back and forth as close to his own body as he dares.

The passes were uncomplicated—the *derechazo*, to the right, and the *natural*, to the left. Again and again, El Cordobés led the charging animal past his loins, drawing it ever closer. Some bullfighters move their feet ever so slightly; others lean back as the bull charges past. El Cordobés remained rooted, controlling the muleta with his arms and wrist. Not enough that the bull charged him, he now charged the bull, dancing forward with tiny steps, calling and cajoling. One of the *banderillas* got in the way: El Cordobés boldly yanked it from the bull's shoulder as it rushed by. On each pass now, the animal's bloody flanks brushed the matador's suit, staining it dark red.

The kill was faulty: the first thrust failed and El Cordobés had to dispatch the animal with a second sword. But no matter. An official presented him two ears—too much, in the judgment of purists, but just right for the cheering crowd.

In Quito, Ecuador, last month, troops had to be called out to protect El Cordobés from his frenzied fans. He finally escaped, dressed as a priest.

Don't Promise What You Can't Deliver

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



"I love a rooster," Josh Billings used to say, "for two things: the crow what's in him, and the spur what's on him to back up the crow."

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Yet this you'll never know until you try. To you I recommend the open-mindedness of the old vaudevillian who, asked if he played the violin, invariably replied: "Don't know, I've never tried!"

It may well be that after your first bottle of OLD FITZGERALD the blandness of your present whiskey may be so pale on your palate that you will join an inner circle of Bourbon Elite who have made Old Fitz the final choice of their mature tastes.

If you will make this honest test, then write and tell me if my "crow" has been too loud, or—if you find it so, not loud enough,—I will return the favor by sending you our patented "Proof-Selector" jigger which measures out the desired amount of flavor from your bottle of OLD FITZGERALD.

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723 WASHINGTON AVENUE
WOODBINE, N. J.

Phone: 861-2150
861-2371

June 27, 1963

Harold Abrams, Insurance
Woodbine, New Jersey

Dear Mr. Abrams:

As you already know, my wife and I were recently involved in a serious vehicular collision. This accident occurred about 30 miles east of Kansas City, Missouri, some 1300 miles from our home in Woodbine, New Jersey, in a region totally strange to us, through which we were simply passing on a return trip from Denver, Colorado.

We were struck from behind by a huge, rapidly travelling tractor-trailer truck which wrecked our one year old, 1962 Cadillac Sedan.

We found ourselves in a sparsely settled farmland, far from home, unacquainted with any other people, with severely frayed nerves and bodily injuries, and with the loss of our automobile. We desperately needed help-- immediate, effective, courteous, friendly, and sympathetic help.

The machinery through which we received all this assistance was set in motion with no more effort, difficulty or time than that required for me to make a reverse-charge long distance call to your office in Woodbine, New Jersey from the area of the accident near Kansas City, Missouri.

Within minutes after I related the essentials of the accident to you, your eastern office had contacted your office in Kansas City with instructions to afford us every possible immediate aid. And this was indeed done, with dispatch, courtesy, solicitude, and everything else even beyond our expectations under anxiety and distress.

Our wrecked car was towed, and we were transported, back to Kansas City where we were met by your Aetna Casualty

JULES COOPER, M. D.
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Claim Representative, Mr. Michael Zipkin, at a Cadillac Agency. An independent appraisal of the damage to our car was made at once. As a result, we were promptly enabled to negotiate the purchase of a new automobile, your company, the Aetna Casualty and Surety Company, guaranteeing the cost of the repairs to our wrecked automobile.

Your claim man, Mr. Zipkin, then took us to a medical clinic for examination, the medical bills being accepted by Aetna.

Mr. Zipkin next arranged for our lodging for the night, but only after he had patiently and thoroughly covered every detail to our complete satisfaction and assuring us as much mental and physical comfort as could be afforded to us under these most trying circumstances.

Your own part in igniting what seemed to be an almost magic torch of Aetna activity in our behalf from a distance of half way across the nation is indeed a revelation to us and is deeply appreciated by my wife and me. This flawless service resulted in some sedative effect for us both, particularly for my wife, who was most severely shocked by this disastrous accident.

We cannot say enough in thanks and praise for you and your Kansas City claim man, Mr. Zipkin. We shall ever feel indebted to you both for your personal as well as official interest and help. We shall likewise always feel that the Aetna Casualty and Surety Company is our friend and protector whenever and wherever insurance is required.

Thank all of you at Aetna. Thank you very much, indeed.

Yours truly,


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PEOPLE

It was one of those meals that look funny in the movies. The family of four got a table in the U.N. Delegates' Dining Room—and here came the waitress, all snarls, and spilled soup. Crash! Down slammed the food. Zip! It was whisked away before anyone was finished. "And how was the meal, sir?" asked the manager. Agriculture Secretary **Orville Freeman**, 45, couldn't help blowing off steam, so much in fact that the waitress was summarily fired. And when her case came up for review, Freeman reluctantly confirmed his complaint. She was "very cross, curt and sullen," he wrote in a letter. "My wife, having worked as a waitress, is more than understanding and tolerant. In this case, however, the lady in question was clearly out of line."

Last May President Kennedy named former *Nautilus* Skipper **William Anderson**, 42, to head the National Service Corps when it got going. Ever since, the man who took the nuclear sub under the North Pole in 1958 has been waiting for that great day to come. But though the domestic Peace Corps bill squeaked through the Senate in August, it has been gathering dust in the House. Last week Bill Anderson finally got tired and sent his resignation to President Johnson. On the if-you-can't-lick-'em-join-'em theory, he plans to run as a Democrat for a Tennessee House seat next November.

"What does it take to get Ira to go back to work?" asked Director Billy Wilder four months ago. "To be asked by someone he likes," replied the wife of **Ira Gershwin**, 67. So Billy asked, and Lyricist Gershwin went back to work for the first time in nine years. Told he could team with anyone on Wilder's upcoming *Kiss Me, Stupid*, Ira replied that the music would be by his brother. When George died in 1937, he left



FIANCÉS DARBY & DOUGLAS-HOME
Ex-Homed.

notebooks containing perhaps as many as 100 melodies, and Ira has finally decided to release some of them. Fourteen will go to Choreographer George Balanchine for possible use as the score of a ballet, and Ira has already put words to three others. The titles: *All the Living Day*, *Sophia* and *I'm a Poached Egg*.

"I am in the unusual position of a capitalist in love with a Communist country." That could be no one else but **Cyrus Eaton**, 80, and during his fourth Russian visit the Cleveland multimillionaire was happily pursuing his open-mouth policy. "It is difficult to be objective," he said. "But an old American saying says nothing succeeds like success. Everywhere in the Soviet Union I have seen this air of success and progress." And to go with American-style success, Eaton urged the Russians to take up that old American-style pastime: "Baseball. Honestly, I dream of seeing a World Series between Moscow and New York teams." Named the Reds and the Yankees, no doubt.

"Charging me with being soft on Communism makes as much sense as saying I'm an officer of the Planned Parenthood Federation." Brooklyn Democratic Congressman **Hugh Carey**, 44, once answered to a campaign charge. And saying that would make no sense at all because Carey is Capitol Hill's champion father. Last week his brood of twelve became a baker's dozen, but he still passes the test that often confounds fathers with only half a dozen. Says he: "Alexandra is 18, Christopher's 16, Susan's 15, Peter's 13, Hugh Jr. is 12, Michael's 10, Donald's 8, Marianne's 7, Nancy's 6, Helen's 4, Bry-

an's 3, and Paul is 16 months." The newest member of the constituency? He's already been named Alexander.

For **Adrian Darby**, 26, Home is surely where the heart is—even if **Meriel Douglas-Home**, 24, does pronounce her name Hume, as in tune. It started to get that way eight months ago, at a performance of *Aida*, when he first met the British Prime Minister's second daughter, and now the young Oxford economics don plans to make his name hers. The wedding date is March 30 at her family's Scottish estate. The Hirsels, in a ceremony to be attended only by relatives.

Midst laurels stood: ex-Astronaut **John Glenn**, 42, named winner of the \$5,000 George Washington Award, highest honor of the Valley Forge Freedoms Foundation, "for inspiring all Americans to actively espouse resolute, responsible and reverent patriotism"; **James Baldwin**, **Truman Capote**, **Ralph Ellison**, **Hans Hofmann**, **Louis Kahn**, **Bernard Malamud** and **John Updike** among the 14 architects, painters and writers named to The National Institute of Arts and Letters; former New York Republican Governor **Thomas Dewey**, 61, in whose honor the 559-mile New York State Thruway will now be known as Dewey Thruway.

Daddy, can I please go down and meet the Beatles at the railroad station and go over to see them at the British embassy and invite them here to the house. Can I, pretty please? But Daddy said no, and since Daddy is Commander in Chief of just about everything there is in the U.S. these days, **Lucy Baines Johnson**, 16, didn't get to see the Beatles at all. But I.B.J. did agree to allow his younger daughter to serve as queen of the Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival in April. Small recompense, but Lucy—or Luc, as she now likes to spell it—was thrilled. "I've never been anything," said she, "not even a duchess."



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THE LAW

JURIES

"Like Picking a Wife"

As the trial of Jack Ruby began in Dallas last week, the big question was: Should anyone who had witnessed the televised slaying of Lee Oswald be automatically disqualified from serving on the jury? At the end of five days, only two jurors had been picked, 46 disqualified. All this was a far reach from the medieval days when jurors were picked not because they knew so little about the crime or the criminal, but because they were supposed to know more about the case than anyone else.

In the reign of William the Conqueror, who introduced Norman customs of

Constitution, the fledgling U.S. Republic guaranteed defendants the right to trial by an impartial jury of their peers. The Constitution said nothing about a twelve-member jury or the need for a unanimous verdict; both practices were taken over from English common law.

State criminal codes and common law spell out a variety of reasons for which a prospective juror may be disqualified by the judge for prejudicial cause—actually witnessing the crime, opposing the death sentence in a capital case, or simply admitting bias against either side.

Along with this basic safeguard, the law has been steadily liberalized to grant both defense and prosecution the right to eliminate a juror if they merely sus-

pect of one's peers. But the court (5-4) upheld the convictions.

Inevitable Liars. Experienced lawyers have arcane theories about choosing and challenging a juror. Clarence Darrow believed that Negroes, Jews, Irish and Mediterranean peoples make sympathetic jurors for the defense.^{*} He warned against choosing Prohibitionists, Northern Europeans, Presbyterians and Baptists, but suggested dropping all guidelines in the case of the man who laughs. "A juror who laughs hates to find anyone guilty," he said. Pierre Howard, an Atlanta defense attorney, has kept a card file on jurors for 29 years. Butchers and barbers, he says, make bloodthirsty jurors. In a robbery case, he would challenge a filling-station attendant or a small-loan-company manager because "they go to bed every



SWEARING IN PROSPECTIVE JURORS IN RUBY TRIAL
Avoid butchers, barbers and filling-station attendants.

jurisprudence to England, men called jurors reported on property owners to the king's tax collectors. The local Saxons never considered jury trials when it came to meting out criminal justice, but they gave a defendant the chance to find twelve men who would swear that his oath was reliable. It was not until the 12th century that King Henry II sponsored the first juries in civil cases. If a verdict was upset on review, the original jurors were automatically considered guilty of perjury and fined or imprisoned. About 100 years later, accused criminals were commonly brought before juries.

Not Impartial. The assumption that a juror's personal knowledge of the case would ensure justice was questionable from the start, and the notion spread that if a juror had information about the crime, he ought to serve as a witness instead. By the 18th century, the practice of disqualifying such jurors was generally accepted, and in its brand-new

pect, but cannot prove, he harbors a prejudice. Such peremptory challenges are strictly limited, and their number varies from state to state. In federal courts they range from three for each side in civil cases to 20 in a capital case. Conscientious lawyers exercise their right to disqualify a juror with the precision of a surgeon, the intuition of an actor, the guesswork of a tea-leaf reader.

Professor Harry Kalven Jr., director of an extensive University of Chicago jury study, confirms the belief of most prosecutors and defense attorneys that persons on the lower rungs of the economic and social ladder tend to be more sympathetic to the accused. The well-to-do, on the other hand, are likely to have greater respect for authority and the law. The most elite panel, New York State's "blue-ribbon" jury, is used almost exclusively to hear complex civil and criminal cases. It is composed of persons with high intellectual and technical qualifications. When one New York blue-ribbon jury convicted two criminal defendants, their lawyers appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court. They argued that since the panel was not a cross section of the community, the trial violated constitutional guarantees of a

night wondering if they're going to be robbed the next day."

Myron G. Ehrlich, a Washington, D.C., criminal lawyer, challenges women jurors when the victim of the crime is a woman. Ehrlich's brother Jake, whose San Francisco case histories were the raw material for television's *Sam Benedict* series, argues exactly the opposite. When a trim little old lady turns up in court with every white hair in place, dressed in a powder-blue suit, says Jake, "I want her on that jury. She knows there's no such thing as rape." But Jake Ehrlich admits that jury picking is basically a risky proposition. "It's like picking a wife," he says. "You don't know where you're going to wind up." Such uncertainty has convinced many lawyers that preconceived theories are almost

* One sympathetic juror may have been a murderer sitting on the panel in the sensational 1926 Hall-Mills murder case. *The Minister and the Choir Singer*, a new book by Attorney William M. Kunstler, concludes that the killers of the Rev. Edward Wheeler Hall and Eleanor R. Mills in northern New Jersey probably were hooded Ku Klux Klansmen. Since the society's membership lists were secret, it is possible that a Klansman voted with his jury colleagues to acquit Hall's widow and her two brothers.

* Why twelve is a mystery. The number has had mathematical importance dating back to the Sumerians 7,000 years ago, as well as ancient religious significance—twelve signs of the Zodiac, twelve tribes of Israel, the twelve Christian apostles.

worthless. "Generally speaking," says Harold R. Medina, of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, "it's impossible to learn much about a man by questioning him. Prospective jurors lie like hell."

THE BENCH

What Is the Right Punishment?

You are the judge. This is the loneliest responsibility you face on the bench—the moment when you must sentence a convicted man. The defendant now standing before you is Negro, 53 years old, a first offender who has been found guilty on 14 counts involving sales of marijuana and heroin. During his trial, you saw that he was adamant in denying guilt, but not antagonistic. The medical

not confined to new judges. In 1962: ▶ Auto thieves got an average of four years' imprisonment from federal courts in Maine, but less than 14 months in the Northern District of New York.

▶ Forgers drew an average of nearly six years in northern Mississippi, just six months in Delaware.

▶ The average sentence for all types of cases was four years and ten months in southern Iowa, one year and three days in northern New York.

The variations are even more striking than the statistics show, said Judge Luther W. Youngdahl, who headed the team of experienced federal judges conducting the sentencing seminar. "Though the average sentence for bank robbery is slightly more than ten years," Youngdahl pointed out, "one defendant who

"questioning, grunting—to keep the defendant talking—and listening."

The judges were also reminded that recent changes in federal law have given them flexible methods of sentencing that can help them to avoid unjust disparity. The judge now has the option of setting the date when the prisoner will be eligible for parole. Split sentences may be handed down, to be served partly in prison and partly on probation. And if the judge concludes that he must have more information before he can fit the punishment fairly to the criminal, he now can turn the defendant over to the Bureau of Prisons for as much as three months of medical and psychiatric observation before fixing the penalty.

THE SUPREME COURT

A Compliment from Mr. C.

In its long history, the U.S. Supreme Court has received countless accolades. But last week the Court got an unexpected and effusive endorsement from a man who is usually noted for his tight lip. Rasped gravel-voiced Frank Costello: "It's a square bench."

By a vote of 6 to 2, the Court had blocked the Government's long campaign to send Gambler Costello, 73, back to his native Italy. It was six years ago that Costello was stripped of his citizenship on the grounds that he had obtained naturalization through fraud, that he had listed his occupation as real estate when it really was gambling and bootlegging. After that, the Justice Department moved to deport Costello on the theory that two previous convictions for income tax evasion made him vulnerable to a statute that permits the ouster of an alien found guilty of two crimes involving moral turpitude.

The Supreme Court disagreed. It held that the Government mistakenly applied the law retroactively to cover crimes committed while Costello was still a citizen. The "relation-back" concept, as Justice Potter Stewart called it in his majority opinion, was "a legal fiction, at best." If it applied in Costello's case, said Stewart, it could also apply to someone whose original naturalization "was not fraudulent, but simply legally invalid upon some technical ground."

The Court's determination to deal strictly with the law, not with personalities, surprised Costello, who had worried for years that his reputation as the ex-prime minister of the underworld would weaken his appeal. "If my name was John Jones I would be a 1-to-40 favorite," he said. But the Court was not concerned with gamblers' odds; characteristically, it simply treated Costello as if he were indeed John Jones.

Costello heard the news from his attorney, Edward Bennett Williams, whom he had anxiously telephoned from Manhattan every Monday morning for months on Supreme Court decision day. "I don't know what I'm going to do," said Costello later. "I feel naked without a lawyer."



JUDGE LUTHER W. YOUNGDAHL



JUDGE JAMES B. PARSONS

Keep the defendant talking.

report says that he is in good health, mentally and physically. The investigator's report reveals that he was born in poverty, one of seven children; he quit school after fourth grade, rose from common laborer to ownership of a small nightclub, a \$7,000 house and 300 acres of pasture. The law says you must send this man to prison for a minimum of five years; the maximum sentence adds up to 220 years and \$280,000 in fines. What sentence will you impose?

The case might have made a script for a TV panel show. But the 30 panelists were not participating for fun. They had recently been appointed federal trial judges and they came to Denver from as far away as the Virgin Islands to attend the first federal Sentencing Institute. As the new judges compared their decisions on the dope peddler and a dozen other selected cases, they were startled by the diversity of their sentences. Often enough, they got a second surprise when they learned the actual sentences that had been handed down in the cases they were studying.

"Prejudices & Hunches." Such disparities are a nationwide problem that is

robbed seven banks received a sentence of only three years, while others convicted of a single robbery have received as much as 25 years.

Variation is, of course, desirable when it serves the aims of sentencing—to deter criminals and to keep the community aware of the seriousness of crime, to rehabilitate individual offenders when possible, and to isolate and control them if necessary. Variation is also legitimate when it reflects simple difference in good judgment; unjust discrepancy develops, said Judge Youngdahl, when sentencing is based on "feelings, prejudices, hunches, and off-the-cuff judgments."

Listen Closely. The students were reminded that one great aid to objectivity is the presentencing report. A trained probation officer's analysis of the defendant's psychology and life history can prepare the judge. But even so, said Judge James B. Parsons, the man passing sentence must attain "a partial acquaintance with the defendant." Parsons urged the judges to question each defendant about such things as his experiences while under arrest, and "his own self-analysis of why he did what he did, his own ideas as to what kind of sentence or treatment might best help him." At a presentence hearing, the judge's job is

* The dope peddler got 52 years and \$30,000 in fines.

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SCIENCE

PHYSICS

The Eightfold Way

The esoteric world of theoretical physics went into spasms of enthusiasm last week when Brookhaven National Laboratory announced the identification of a new elementary particle. It is not the biggest particle known or the smallest, and it lives only one ten-billionth of a second. But physicists all over the world were stirred up because it has almost precisely the mass that was predicted for it by long-range theory. It was rather as if Columbus, sailing across the Atlantic, had really found Japan just where he thought it would be.

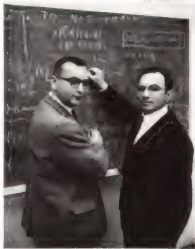
Plethora of Particles. For years physicists have been confused by the largely accidental discovery of more and more particles. They appear in the smashed-up debris of collisions between other particles, and they show up clear and sharp on bubble-chamber pictures and other detection devices. By the time about 100 such bits of matter had been found, physicists began to doubt that they were really elementary. Questions arose. Were some of the particles merely "states" of other particles, differing in only minor ways? Were they all just combinations of a few really elementary particles? No one knew for sure; no general law relating the particles to one another could be proved true.

One of the most promising attempts to devise such a law was made by Physicists Yuval Ne'eman of Israel and Murray Gell-Mann of Caltech, with a contribution from Japanese-born Susumu Okubo of the University of Rochester. Called affectionately the "eightfold way," from Buddha's list of eight virtues that lead to the cessation of pain, the theory is based on eight quantum numbers or fundamental properties that can be used to describe particles. The reasoning that supports the eightfold way is advanced quantum mechanics and beyond the understanding of the mathematically uninitiated, but one of the predictions of the "way" was clear enough: a particle must exist that has a negative electric charge and a mass* of 1,676 million electron volts. It should have a life span of one ten-billionth of a second after it is formed, and then decay into a π particle and a π -meson.

Omega-Minus Signature. The unknown particle predicted by the eightfold way was named omega minus, and both CERN Laboratory in Geneva and Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island started elaborate campaigns to find it. Brookhaven's apparatus was built around the 33-bev (billion electron volt) Alternating Gradient Synchrotron, and it used a line of mag-

nets and electrostatic separators 400 ft. long to isolate negative K-mesons. Ten of the K-mesons were allowed to enter Brookhaven's 80-in. liquid-hydrogen bubble chamber every 23 seconds, and pictures were taken of the results. Two pictures out of 100,000 showed tracks in the LH₂ that proved to be the "signatures" of omega-minus particles. They all curved just right and took off in the right directions. Careful calculations with a computer gave the mass of the new-found particles as 1,686 plus or minus 12 mev. This was almost uncanny agreement with the predictions of the eightfold way.

Omega-minus particles will never be made into rocket fuel or nuclear weap-



GELL-MANN & NE'EMAN
Uncanny agreement.

ons. Their life (10^{-10} sec., as predicted) is too short. But their discovery by a guiding theory has given an enormous boost to physics. Now that the eightfold way has been checked by this striking success, it can be used as a trusty tool in the search for more discoveries.

SOCIOLOGY

A Self-Corrective for The Population Explosion?

What will come of the world's population explosion? Optimists talk of a limit brought about by voluntary birth control. Pessimists gloom about widespread starvation, plague, or the thinning effect of nuclear war. In the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, Dr. Hudson Hoagland of the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology suggests a third possibility. Nature, he says, has its own subtle systems for choking off excessive breeding.

Gland Trouble. When animals are overcrowded, says Hoagland, their increase often slows down even when they have plenty of food. Horrible things happen among jammed-up flour

beetles. Females destroy their eggs; they turn cannibalistic and eat one another. Males lose interest in females, and though plenty of flour is left for food, the beetle population reaches a statistical plateau.

Mammals are much the same. The population cycles of jack rabbits in Minnesota seem to have little to do with the food supply. When the cycle approaches its peak, rabbits begin to die in horrible convulsions, with wild leaps and running movements. Their corpses are well nourished and show no signs of epidemic disease. But their internal organs are fat-clogged, degenerated and damaged by hemorrhages. Overcrowding seems somehow to upset the rabbits' pituitary and adrenal glands, causing their abnormal secretions to trigger a long chain of fatal troubles.

Only 40 years ago, a small island in Chesapeake Bay supported a few deer. They were given plenty of food, and they multiplied enthusiastically. But when the population reached one deer per acre, the animals began to die off. Their internal organs showed "adrenal stress," just like the Minnesota rabbits.

When John Calhoun of the National Institutes of Health put wild Norway rats into a one-quarter-acre enclosure and fed them well, the normal rate of rat increase should have raised the population to 5,000 in 27 months. Instead it stabilized at about 150 adult rats. The females produced plenty of young, but they did not take care of them properly, and most of them died before maturity.

Social Stress. Anxious to learn how overcrowding does work, Calhoun put rats in four interconnected pens six feet square. Two of the pens were quickly pre-empted by boss male rats that kept harems of females and allowed no other males to mate with them. The harem females made proper nests, bore healthy young and raised them successfully. But in the other two pens, where no single males took charge, social stress was rampant. Some of the males gave the females no rest. Others turned homosexual or hid in corners. The females stopped making proper nests, and their young, born on the bare floor, died and were eaten.

Dr. Hoagland is not prepared to predict flatly that any of these unhappy effects will appear among the earth's human population as its density increases. But he makes some dark suggestions. Even though most inmates of crowded human slums escape to pleasant places from time to time, he says, many slums show a social pathology (crime, delinquency, street gangs, psychotic behavior) as did the pens of crowded rats. In concentration camps, where no respite from crowding was possible, humans developed adrenal stress. In the future, Hoagland fears, if crowding gets out of hand, nature may strike with horrible and unpredictable ills to check further human increases.

* Since mass is equivalent to energy, theoretical physicists like to measure the mass of a particle in electron volts. The mass of one electron at rest is .511 million electron volts.



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THE THEATER

Sandy Is Dandy

Any Wednesday has Sandy Dennis. No other play can make a statement half so adorable.

According to the program, Sandy plays Ellen Gordon, the mistress of Tycoon John Cleves (Don Porter). For Internal Revenue purposes, she is a tax dodge. His corporate tax returns list no executive sweetie, only the executive suite that she occupies rent-free on Manhattan's upper East Side. For her tycoon, Sandy is the marriage dodge, the once-weekly moonlighting that leaves John wan each Thursday.

No wonder. After one look at Sandy, illicit designs dissolve in a scrubbed glow of innocence: an evening with her would leave anyone limp—with laughter. She purports to be 30 in the play, but has trouble looking one-third that ancient. Wednesday's woman is really Wednesday's child. She is a kept waif, chug-a-lugging champagne from the bottle like Coke, sticking out her tongue as if hunting a refractory dribble of ice cream. Crying through her smiles like a tot who has been told to be brave, but isn't, or speaking in a voice that is forever on the verge of breaking, she sounds like the little girl Santa overlooked.

Of course, she has toys galore: the apartment, its color-blinding furnishings, a closet stuffed with real balloons. But Mistress Ellen is herself a toy, and she is faced, moreover, with the transformation problem endemic in all U.S. sex farce: how to ascend from playmate to helpmate in two acts and four scenes of deepening innuendo.

The actual situations in *Any Wednesday* are neither wicked nor sexy, just

amusingly compromising. A neophyte secretary, innocently directing proper strangers to the improper address, sends around Cass Henderson (Gene Hackman), an irately appealing small businessman who has come to town to hear John Cleves. When Mrs. John Cleves drops in, Cass poses obligingly as Ellen's husband. When John barges in, all four characters fall sudden prey to lockjaw or dropjaw. Then the comedy slacks into matchmaking.

In her first foray at playwriting, Novelist Muriel Resnik sprinkles spice and sentiment with a light hand and adds a fair dollop of wit. The confection is well served by an able cast, the perfection by Sandy Dennis. Liquor may be quicker, as Ogden Nash once argued, but Sandy is dandy.

Fool's Gold

Foxy transports Broadwayites to an antic, 1890s Yukon, where all the fool's gold is stashed in the pouches under Bert Lahr's eyes. When Lahr crosses those eyes, the showdown is eyeball-to-eyeball. When he rolls them deliciously around the socket rims, he looks like a pixilated squirrel who has forgotten where last summer's nuts are buried.

Never has a pinkie been crooked with more elaborate Lahr-di-da, or sexagenarian toes been more agile in the choreography of cowardice. In one panic, Lahr scrambles halfway up the proscenium arch and hangs there, glaring down in 20-foot-high dudgeon at the scoundrels who have treed him. Throughout the musical, he emits those lecherous gurgles, dying squawks and goosy yelps that used to be the cheek-in-tongue counterpoint to vaudeville, and burlesque. What makes Lahr the king of clowns is, above all, his masterly word-and-action timing, as when he off-handedly tosses a bag of lead pellets to his Eskimo retinue and says with ineffable Lahgresse: "Get yourself some chocolate-covered blubber."

Chocolate-covered ham is the prevailing flavor of *Foxy*, which borrows its name and some threads of plot from Ben Jonson's *Volpone*. Double-crossed by three rascally pals, Prospector Lahr gets his revenge by pretending that he is at death's door, with a fortune in nuggets to bestow. His greedy victims vie desperately with one another to show their love for Lahr. One of the sourdoughs, after snapping up a comely virgin for \$33,000 on the Yukon's bullish bride market, even offers Bert the *jus primae noctis*. As for the gift, red-haired Julianne Marie, her wistful eyes and liquid singing voice alone are worth twice the auction price. Larry Blyden also shines as Dr. Mosk, the stethoscope-packing con man who masterminds Lahr's hoax.

Except for *Talk to Me, Baby* ("Tell me lies, lies, lies"), Robert Emmett Dolan's score is rather do-re-mealy for



BERT LAHR IN "FOXY"
Nuts to Nuggetsville.

Johnny Mercer's lyrics, which are at their cleverest in *Ben Vivan*, delivered by Lahr impersonating a British peer with mauve tweeds and a stiff upper lip. In fact, without Bert Lahr's vintage *hokum*, *Foxy* would be earthbound, not mirthbound.

Babbitt in Cathay

Marco Millions, by Eugene O'Neill, seemed a ponderous, pontifical play when it was first produced in 1928, and it has not improved with age. O'Neill's idea was to cast Marco Polo as the go-getting, money-grubbing Babbitt from Polo Bros., Venice, whose travels to Cathay and the kingdom of Kublai Khan result in a grand confrontation of Eastern and Western values. More symbol than satire, the play is a contrived collision of abstractions rather than a felt conflict of human beings.

As O'Neill's symbol of the West, Marco stands for greed, hypocrisy, ravaging ambition, hard-nosed practicality and blind materialism. For the East, the Great Khan and his court personify beauty, love, wisdom, art, and an all-illuminating spirituality. No one can play, in dramatic terms, with such loaded dice. The Lincoln Center Repertory revival salvages what it can by turning Marco into a handsomely mounted, lavishly costumed Marcorama.

Hal Holbrook is boueiy, boyish and blint in the title role, and David Wayne's Great Khan suggests a sage who is more than makeup-deep. But Zohra Lampert, as a princess who falls helplessly in love with Venice's merchant prince, is as woefully miscast as she is woundingly lovely. The recurring plaint about Broadway's producers is that they do not know a bad play when they see one. *Marco Millions* raises the question even more pointedly. Why, with all its own resources and innumerable classics to draw from, did the Lincoln Repertory directors shoot their wad on one of the worst?



DENNIS IN "ANY WEDNESDAY"
Kept waif in Toyland.

RELIGION

SECTS

Foursquare with Aimee

Aimee Semple McPherson was Christendom's most flamboyant evangelist. Through all the messy court cases that kept her name on U.S. front pages in the '20s and '30s,* Aimee's 35,000 followers remained fiercely loyal to their thrice-married leader. Even after her death in 1944, the church she founded, with its halfmoon-shaped, neo-Romanesque Angelus Temple in Los Angeles, continued to grow.

Soul-Winning Business. Last week some 3,000 of the faithful, from every state in the union and eight countries,



ROLF McPHERSON & MOTHER
They never forget her birthday.

gathered at her "jolly, gaudy" Temple for the 41st annual convention of the International Church of the Foursquare Gospel. Membership, reported Church President Rolf McPherson, 50, Aimee's only son, has reached a record 218,800. The Angelus Temple has spawned more than 750 daughter churches and 1,300 mission stations in 27 countries; graduates from its three Bible colleges will carry the faith to eight more lands in 1964. The church now boasts gross assets of \$41 million.

Its success seems largely due to the shrewd management of muzzy, homey Rolf McPherson, who looks, says one colleague, "like the man who comes onstage from the side and takes the third seat from the center." McPherson, who lives modestly in a middle-class Los Angeles suburb, has a Scotsman's knack for paring pennies and replenishing coffers. He himself attributes the church's survival to his mother's vision. "Soul winning is the one big business of the church," she declared; most of her convert-seeking followers

tithe, while many give up weekends to build or repair their churches.

Denominational Identity. The Foursquare Church, which ranks among the nation's most fundamentalist Christian bodies, pays considerably more attention to faith healing than theology. Its members adhere strictly to Aimee's fourfold teaching of Christ as saviour, healer, baptizer and coming king, supplement the Bible with a booklet of her teachings. Most of today's members never saw hypnotic Aimee in the flesh, but they teach a hagiographic account of her life, celebrate every Oct. 9, her birthday, as Founder's Day.

However, Aimee's church is building a denominational identity that is independent of the McPherson dynasty. Last week convention delegates for the first time elected all their own officers except for the president; in the past, church officials had always been appointed by Rolf. But that was one of the delegates' few gestures to conventional church practice. "The Lord wanted us to be different," Rolf exhorted the faithful. So, plainly, do they.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Law's Delay

From Rome last week seeped word that the Sacred Rota of the Vatican had given to Princess Lee Radziwill, Jackie Kennedy's younger sister, an annulment of her first marriage to transatlantic Socialist Michael Canfield. The ruling, which was quietly handed down in November 1962, left Lee free to celebrate a church wedding last July with her thrice-wed second husband of nearly five years.

Lee's annulment—technically, a ruling that no true marriage had ever existed because of an essential flaw in the marital contract—was not easy to get. The Roman Catholic Church believes that marriages blessed in heaven cannot be dissolved on earth, and does not permit divorce. It will agree that some marriages were null and void from the beginning, but such cases are rare. In 1962, the diocesan and regional marital courts of the church around the world probably annulled fewer than 2,000 marriages. The Rota, Rome's final court of appeal for most annulment claims, handled only 124 cases, gave decrees of nullity to a mere 64 claimants.

Technical Sin. Lee's troubles began back in 1958, when she obtained a civil divorce from Canfield. In March 1959, she wed Stanislas ("Stas") Radziwill* before a Virginia county clerk. But the church does not recognize the validity of civil marriages by Catholics; nor,

since Lee had wed Canfield before a priest, could it accept her divorce. Technically speaking, she was an adulteress, living with her prince and two children in a state of sin.

However, before marrying Radziwill, Lee had already applied for a decree of nullity from the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, which handles some cases involving mixed marriages, only to be told that the case first had to be heard by a diocesan tribunal.

When an archdiocese of Westminster court in London, where the Radziwills live, hemmed and hawed on the case, Lee applied again to Rome, got permission to take her appeal to the Rota. The Rota served as both a court of first resort and an appeal court, and two panels—each with three ecclesiastical



LEE & STAS
They were lucky.

judges—took turns hearing the evidence in the case.

Blow for La Dolce Vita. Many marital cases drag on for ten years or more, but the lawyer who argued Lee's case before the Rota denies that she got any special favor. "I deliberately asked that this case be handled with severity," insists Dr. Fernando Della Rocca. Since Lee was not saying, and the Rota does not publish its decisions until ten years after the ruling, Vatican insiders could only guess that her grounds were that Canfield refused to have any children. Other frequently used grounds: belief in divorce, coercion, refusal to honor premarital agreements (such as raising children as Catholics).

Decrees of nullity are becoming harder to get—especially for the rich and famous of Italy, who have to turn to the Rota because their country has no divorce law. Pope Paul VI, who seems to be somewhat more concerned about sins of the flesh than John XXIII, warned the judges of the Rota last December to be extremely careful in making annulment decisions. While doing its best to discourage *la dolce vita*, the Rota is more determined than ever to resolve cases of genuine hardship, spiritual as well as financial. In future, Rota

* Notably, her famed 1926 "kidnaping" case. A doctored district attorney alleged that Aimee had not exactly been abducted, but the case was dismissed for lack of evidence.

decisions may come a little slower for those who can afford its court costs (up to \$5,000), a little faster for the 50% of the appellants whose fees are paid from a special fund for the poor.

PRAYER

Better Without Words

In simpler ages of faith, men found it as natural and normal to pray as to till a field or yoke a brace of oxen. But prayer, like good conversation, seems to be one of the lost arts of the 20th century. After mumbling through the Lord's Prayer, modern man wonders what to do next: Ask God for a raise, or thank him for a happy vacation? What kind of words should he use?

Whys & Hows. These are laymen's questions, and they provoked a layman's answer from Clive Staples Lewis, the devout, witty Oxbridge don who died last November at the age of 64. In his newly published *Letters to Malcolm: Chiefly on Prayer* (Harcourt, Brace & World; \$3.50), Anglican Lewis discusses the hows and whys of prayer in a dialogue with a fictional friend.

Lewis admits that prayer is at first sight somewhat incongruous: if God is all-knowing, what is the use of talking to him? But if the divine knowledge of man does not change, he reasons, "the quality of our being known can." Lewis explains: "We are like earthworms, cabages, and nebulae, objects of divine knowledge. But when we (a) become aware of the fact and (b) assent with all our will to be so known, then we treat ourselves, in relation to God, not as things but as persons. Instead of merely being known, we show, we tell, we offer ourselves to view."

Worst May Be Best. God may not always appear to take notice: "every war, every famine or plague, almost every deathbed, is the monument to a petition that was not granted." This, Lewis suggests, is inevitable: "In our ignorance we ask what is not good for us or for others, or not even intrinsically possible." Yet God's silence does not necessarily contradict Jesus' injunction: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall receive them" (*Mark 11: 24*). For, the author maintains, "such promises about prayer with faith refer to a degree or kind of faith which most believers never experience."

Lewis was convinced that prayer should be an everyday habit, not an arcane ritual reserved for mystics. "I fancy," he says dryly, "we may sometimes be deterred from small prayers by a sense of our own dignity rather than God's." But small prayers are important. "I have a notion that what seem our worst prayers may really be, in God's eyes, our best. Those, I mean, which are least supported by devotional feeling. For these may come from a deeper level than feeling. God sometimes seems to speak to us most intimately when he catches us, as it were, off our guard."

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EDUCATION

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The Enemy Within

"An empty seat is your vote for better schools," cried the leaders of New York City's recent school boycott. Nonsense, reported President John H. Fischer of Columbia University's Teachers College, in a speech last week before the American Association of School Administrators. Boycott promoters, Fischer declared, undermine "the child's respect for the very school which is his surest hope of attaining equal opportunity." Said he: "With friends like this, neither education nor the civil rights movement needs to look for enemies."

TEACHERS

Conant v. the Establishment

Ever since his bestselling *The Education of American Teachers* appeared last fall, James B. Conant has been under heavy fire from teachers' groups—and with good reason. The main target of Conant's book is the "bankrupt" system of teacher certification by which states dictate what courses a potential teacher must take in college to get a public-school license. The result, he charged, is that colleges are forced to teach insipid "Mickey Mouse" courses that turn out uneducated teachers. Conant's solution: abolish the state rules, free colleges to upgrade teacher training, make classroom performance the test of certification.

On the contrary, say Conant's critics, colleges are not "responsible" enough to uphold high standards on their own. Not surprisingly, this is the dominant line of the "education establishment," as Conant calls the potent coalition of state education officials and the National Education Association that controls teacher training by the weapon



CRITIC CONANT

The payoff is in the classroom.



TV CLASSROOM AT MIAMI UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

The problem will soon get 70% worse.

of accreditation. The hope of N.E.A.'s own National Council for the Accreditation of Teacher Education is that teaching licenses will go only to the graduates of colleges it "approves." N.C.A.T.E. already approves 409 colleges, says it influences the training of 75% of the nation's new teachers.

Last week in Chicago, Harvard's longtime former president (1933-53) answered his critics for the first time. At a meeting of the American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education, Conant declared that colleges should refuse even to receive N.C.A.T.E. accreditation teams. Reason: the teams are largely composed of "special interest" education professors who often only cursorily inspect a campus, seeing what they want to see. Conant strongly urged a new, state-supervised system that would leave it to colleges to decide whether a teacher knows his subject, and let master school teachers judge whether he can teach it well.

"The payoff in any teacher education program," said Conant succinctly, "is in the classrooms of local school districts."

COLLEGES

Mansions—or Misplaced Slums?

The college crush becomes a crunch this year, as the number of 18-year-olds in the U.S. leaps roughly 20%. In the next six years, says the U.S. Office of Education, the nation's degree-credit collegians will increase by almost 70%. Can colleges possibly prepare for living and learning on such a scale?

A yes, maybe, answer came last week from the Ford Foundation-sponsored Educational Facilities Laboratories. Its report, called *Bricks and Mortarboards*, emphasizes the urgent need for radical new college designs. Only thus, it argues, can colleges cope simultaneously with space problems, teacher shortages,

a knowledge explosion, and the demands of new teaching technology. Old Siwash will never be the same.

As E.F.L. sees it, the key to college planning is "maximum convertibility." New class buildings will need movable walls for instant subdivision of big lecture halls into small seminar rooms, and vice versa. Physics labs must be convertible to biology labs almost overnight. Libraries need individual studies for independent research; computers to replace the card catalogue. To offset the anonymity of mass learning, dormitories should stress small-group living, even incorporate classrooms.

The college of the fast-approaching future will need all manner of automated devices, from closed-circuit TV to dial systems that will order a central computer to dish up information or solve knotty math problems. Already some new buildings are being designed entirely around machines. At the University of Miami's new University College, shaped like an octagonal pie with lecture halls surrounding a television studio at the core, a single professor can now talk from TV screens to as many as 3,600 students a day—more than most professors face in 10 years of live teaching.

Unfortunately, says E.F.L., most colleges are so far behind in providing for bodies alone that a shortage of 1,000,000 college places looms by 1970. Though Congress has just authorized construction grants and loans of \$400 million a year for three years, college building will still fall \$300 million short of minimum annual needs. Odds are that most colleges will muddle through in the end. But unless they plan faster and better, warns E.F.L., tardy crash programs may produce not modern mansions of learning, but "misplaced academic slums, a drain both educationally and economically on future generations."



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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Headline of the Week

In the Bloomington, Ill., Pantagraph, above a story reporting that the U.S. Naval Base in Guantánamo had ordered its water pipes cut:

ADMIRAL ORDERS: DISMEMBER THE MAIN

The Maharaja of Estarh

Buried deep in Charles McHarry's chit-chat column, "On the Town," in the morning New York Daily News, was this item: "Ali Rounj Culpide, the Maharaja of Estarh, is due in next week for a medical checkup. The three youngest of his 15 wives will accompany him." There was not a word of truth to it, McHarry had planted the item purely as bait. That same afternoon, when it was reprinted almost word for word in a column in Hearst's New York Journal-American, McHarry had the rich satisfaction of hooking his fish.

Annoyed by a rash of petit larcenies from his column, all committed by the Journal-American, McHarry invented the maharaja—Ali Rounj is an anagram for Rounj, (with an / added for the sake of Ali); Estarh is an anagram for Hearst. Then the columnist began chronicling the maharaja's doings. Two months passed before the Journal-American, which went right on lifting other McHarry tidbits, bit on Ali Rounj. "I'm pretty happy," said McHarry of his successful fishing expedition. Said a Journal-American spokesman: "We congratulate the Daily News on having had the phony item first."

COLUMNISTS

The One with Connections

The day after President Kennedy's assassination, William S. White, a syndicated political columnist, got a telephone call from Lyndon Johnson. Would Bill and June take dinner with Lady Bird and the President? White had been half expecting the call. "It was a kind of reflex action," he said later. "Just the sort of thing a fellow would do—to call up a friend and ask him to come over to dinner."

Since then, the Whites have been invited to dinner many times at the Johnsons' 18-acre spread on Pennsylvania Avenue. Johnson has twice asked Bill White over for swims in the White House pool—a presidential invitation as highly coveted by the Washington press corps as it is rare.

No one in Washington stands much higher in Lyndon Johnson's affection than the tall 56-year-old columnist. The President loyally reads White's column, which appears three times a week in the Washington Star and 160 other papers, and he is not above calling White for advice. Together, the two men trade talk with unaffected ease; Johnson pays

White the ultimate compliment of putting nothing off the record, relying on the total discretion of his friend. Once, while chatting with a group of reporters, the President suggested to his listeners that they could do worse than emulate Columnist William S. White.

No Reflex. White possesses matchless claims to the President's high regard. Both men are Texans, although White considers himself a Southerner and considers Johnson a Westerner. Their friendship has ripened for 31 years. It began when Johnson was the gangly 23-year-old secretary to Texas'



WILLIAM S. WHITE

An instinct for the President's thoughts.

U.S. Representative Richard Kleberg and White was a Washington correspondent for the Associated Press.

Far more than friendship, though, binds the two men. Thirty years in the company of politicians have instilled in White an ineradicable appreciation of the genus. He likes politicians, and they respond by liking him; such disparate types as Dwight Eisenhower, Harry Byrd, Richard Russell, Richard Nixon and the late Robert A. Taft all warmed to Columnist White. From White's host of friends, Johnson emerges as the man who best typifies all that Bill White says he values in the political craft. "He is a pragmatic man and not a theorist, an actionist and not a philosophic thinker," White once wrote of Johnson.

Self-styled as an independent, White shifts in print from party to party in pursuit of the middle ground. He likes to dismiss Democrats who respond reflexively to liberal shibboleths as "knee-jerk liberals."

There is no automatic reflex in White's positions. He is opposed to De Gaulle's lofty intransigence, in favor of a sterner U.S. attitude on Cuba, against state presidential primaries as unrepresentative of the "direct democracy process," and for civil rights, but with

one reservation. "I'm of the Mrs. Murphy school," he wrote. "I think there should be a slower approach where private property is involved."

Mistaken for a Senator. Son of a Del. Leon, Texas, justice of the peace, Bill White dropped out of the University of Texas after three years to try journalism. His calling took him, by easy stages, to Washington, where in 1933 he formed lasting friendships with Lyndon Johnson, Sam Rayburn and a veritable slew of Southern U.S. Senators. After a stint as a wartime correspondent for A.P., White returned to Washington, caught the eye of Arthur Krock, then the New York Times's Washington bureau chief.

Assigned by the Times to cover the U.S. Senate, White soon became the ranking senatorial expert in the Washington press corps. He was even mistaken for a Senator, for he is a distinguished-looking man in a silk vest and a conservatively cut suit, the whole effect crowned by grey hair. "It was never necessary for him to see Lyndon," says a press-corps colleague who remembers White's intimacy with the Texan, who was then Senate majority leader. "He always knew instinctively what Lyndon was thinking."

He still does. And now that he has abandoned the Times for a syndicated byline, his intimacy with the President is hardly a hindrance. Houghton Mifflin has given him a \$50,000 advance on a book in progress, appropriately titled *The Professional: Lyndon Johnson*.

PUBLISHING

The Political Sweepstakes

Columnist William White's testament to Lyndon Johnson is only one of a bumper new crop of books with political themes. Most of them are the works either of newsmen or ex-newsmen, all anxious to appeal to a public appetite whetted by prospects of next summer's national political conventions and the Big Day in November. A sampling:

► *The Big Man*, Columnist Henry J. Taylor's novel about a Midwest lawyer who seeks his party's nomination for President. Taylor's man, Frank Killory, was obviously inspired by the late Wendell Willkie.

► *Convention*, a fictionalized account of a Republican national convention, by Fletcher Knebel and Charles Bailey II, a pair of Washington newsmen (the Cowles papers) who hit the jackpot with their previous joint effort, *Seven Days in May*, now a movie.

► *Power at the Pentagon*, a study of Washington's huge military establishment and the influence it wields, by

* A name given early currency in the civil rights debates by Vermont's Republican Senator, George Aiken. Contemplating the difficulty of policing all small enterprises, Aiken championed the right of a fictitious landlady, whom he called Mrs. Murphy, to have her little boardinghouse exempted from the public accommodations section.

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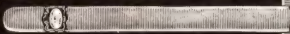
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By Robert Novak

THE BIG MAN

CAMPAIGN BOOKS
Whetted and waiting.

Jack Raymond, Pentagon reporter for the New York Times.

► *Mark the Glant Boy Or The Last Days of Richard Nixon*, an unsentimental journey over the last episode of Nixon's political life, in which he ran unsuccessfully for Governor of California. Written by Mark (The South-paw) Harris.

► *Republicans All*, a form chart of sorts on the multitude of contenders, declared and undeclared, bold and shy, for the Republican presidential nomination; by Robert Novak of the New York Herald Tribune.

► *The Invisible Government*, by Thomas Ross of the Chicago Sun-Times and David Wise of the New York Herald Tribune, previous collaborators on *The U-2 Affair*. The book will attempt a behind-scenes look at how the U.S. conducts the cold war.

These titles will join the ever-lengthening list of books and other memorabilia—busts, medallions, picture albums, records—about the life and death of President Kennedy (TIME, Dec. 20). Now available: a recording of the Solemn Requiem Mass in Kennedy's honor, another entitled *His Finest Hour*. Kennedy in Germany, narrated by ABC Announcer Howard K. Smith. Kennedy's own *Profiles in Courage*, reissued by Harper & Row with a special foreword by Kennedy's brother Bobby (TIME, Feb. 21). Is back on most bestseller lists. Harper is also betting on the success of the Kennedy memoir to be written by Theodore C. Sorensen, the late President's speechwriter and adviser.

One way or another, every journalist who can manage it is entering a book in the political sweepstakes. But Columnist Joseph Alsop seems determined to buck the trend. His offering: *From the Silent Earth*, a report on the Bronze Age of ancient Greece.

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Dakota and the Twin Cities, has been a boon to high-speed freight operation across the entire route of the railway.

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ART

Connecticut Colossi In Gargantualand

With graceful constellations of wire and drifting metal, young Alexander Calder made sculpture airborne. Today, more than 30 years since he made the mobile a household word, "Sandy" Calder is working as hard as ever—on the ground. In France, where he has lived off and on since 1926, the Connecticut Yankee has created free-standing metal sculptures more massive than those of any other 20th century artist. Naturally, he calls them stables.

Calder constructs his colossi segment by segment in a studio near his 15th century farmhouse nestled against a limestone cliff, overlooking vineyards and crouched cottages in the chateau country of Touraine. The sculptures bear terse, functional names, such as *Dog*, *Long Nose of Snowplow*, tower above the trim countryside. Yet, the neighbors call Calder "*le Bricoleur*"—the Tinker—because he is always willing to pause from his work and shape a tiny bright metal toy for one of their children.

Shipyard Studio. Among grownups, as well, Calder at 65 is Europe's favorite U.S. sculptor. In 1927 he delighted

Paris with his tiny abstract circus of wire-wound clowns. The son and grandson of more conventional sculptors, Calder has the blacksmith's instinctual understanding and fondness for metal. His ham fists twist, snip and shear sheet metal into subtle forms that others can only hope to achieve in clay or marble. His latest works of iron are so heavy that his Paris gallery had to reinforce its floor with girders for a one-man Calder show last month.

His biggest stable yet, *Teodelapio, Duke of Spoleto*, created for the 1962 Spoleto Festival, weighs 30 tons, looms 59 ft. high, and could only be assembled for the festival with the help of shipyard cranes in Genoa. Calder's first, more sylphlike stable was created in 1931 when he was absorbing surrealism from Joan Miro and Jean Arp. From them he learned the art of expressing the forms of living things in the context and materials of the machine age. As the stables' dimensions have grown more mammoth, so have their artistic strength and lean, linear elegance.

Docile Dinosaurs. Though he boasts a 1919 engineering degree from Stevens Institute of Technology, Calder talks as laconically about his work as any straw-sucking Yankee handyman.

"I do a little of this and a little of that," he allows. Last year he made mostly stables, predominantly black, which stand out as sharply as docile dinosaurs against the pastel countryside. Marvels the art critic of Paris' prestigious *Le Monde*: "Is this not America, embodied by an armament so firm and yet so open?" Calder's neighbors also approve of his activities. The Touraine, they recall proudly, was the spawning ground of Rabelais' Gargantua, "the giant son of a giant." With Calder in their midst, it seems almost like old times.

Stamps of Genius

In a brave attempt to infiltrate the intelligentsia—or at least to make it eat more—King Korn Stamp Co. last week announced a new addition to the list of goodies that can be redeemed with its yellow stickums. The prize: an original (20 in. by 14 in.) oil painting, *Montmartre Street*, by Maurice Utrillo. The cost: 5,225 books of stamps. First, the Utrillo-philite must trundle \$784,750 worth of groceries through the checking counter.



TREIMAN

Mimes from far-out worlds.

Salute to the Singular

Freckle-faced Joyce Treiman hurls herself at canvas with the intuitive abandon of an action painter, piling on pigment in swooshes and swirls. What emerges is not abstraction but a troubling glimpse of the individual caught up in what she calls "a singular, momentary event." Her figures (see opposite page) seemingly wear the tatterdemalion costumes of burlesque or the circus. Some seem to be mimes from a private dream world; others, characters in a far-out fairy tale.

Appearance v. Reality. After taking her B.F.A. at the State University of Iowa, which is turning out many able young figurative artists (among others: John Paul Jones, Jane Wilson), Chicago-born Joyce Treiman (she rhymes it with Free-man) plunged into abstract expressionism six years ago but soon wearied of its "idealized anonymity." Suddenly, she says, she rediscovered "the particular human being, the singular gesture, the individual—not the hero." She started watching people, even hiring models to avoid painting cliché anatomy, sketching particular faces and gestures that, says she, "somehow find their way" into her pictures. But her figures in oils, including 22 paintings in a one-man show at Chicago's Fairweather-Hardin Gallery this month, are mostly creatures of an intensely personal vision.

To all appearances, except for the inordinate amount of time she spends holed up in her garage-studio, Joyce Treiman, 41, lives the life of a busy housewife in Southern California's Pacific Palisades. A driving, diminutive (5 ft.) redhead with a trooper's vocabulary, she is married to a real-estate dealer, has a 13-year-old son. (Their dog is called Mr. Bonnard.) Behind her seemingly bland suburban life, she is passionately preoccupied with the conflict between appearance and reality. Her bizarrely clad and contorted



CALDER & STABLE IN SPOLETO
Elegance from ham fists.

FIGURATIVE FANTASIES

"AS AN ARAB" was painted by Joyce Treiman after Mediterranean trip that led her to praise "the particular, slightly frightened, existing being."



"DREAM SEQUENCE" began with a few brushstrokes that triggered an anteroom of doll figurines, cutely posing like actors without a script.





Magnificent beaches. This is Zapallar, in Chile.



Modern cities. Exciting Rio is just one of them.



Ancient cities. This one is Machu Picchu, in Peru.



Romantic ranches. Shown here, Argentina's Pinar del Rio.

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figures, divided fore and aft in space, are rounded with confusing contours, so that they float between the flat surface of the canvas and its artfully contrived depths.

No Orange Blobs. Although Treiman's work returns to the figure, she vehemently shuns the dehumanized faces that spare many fashionable artists any need to confront the individual. "No orange blobs," says she. "I'll paint a face where there is one." On a recent swing around the Mediterranean, she discovered at first hand the proto-baroque painters, Ribera and Caravaggio, and has borrowed their theatrical use of localized light to heighten her figures' impression of stirring the air around them.

Treiman's enthusiasm has been shared by others. She has garnered 18 awards and four fellowships, including a 1963 Ford Foundation grant. She has become engrossed in sculpture as well, turns out tiny bronzes that prance, preen and posture with all the assurance of statuary weighing tons. By combining her small bronzes with her oils, she hopes to make a synthesis between the daydream illusion of oils and the rocky reality of sculpture. Like her oils, her metal figurines capture strikingly the singular event, the particular human being. "These for me," says Joyce Treiman. "are a summing up and a *viva*."

Cymbalism?

Though minuscule by comparison with Calder, Seymour Lipton's 9-ft.-tall *Archangel* looms large in Manhattan's austere Philharmonic Hall. Unveiled last week, the sculpture at first appropriately suggests a couple of tuba players lost in the lobby. Though critics liked the work, its creator lost them when he tried to explain what it meant. Of course, said Lipton when asked if his dominant, bell-like forms were actually cymbals. They are symbols, he said, of "life's positive forces" and man's ability to survive. Are they c-y-m-b-a-l-s? Of course, said the sculptor, they are . . . cymbals. Symbolic ones.



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SONGWRITER REYNOLDS

Hackles on the hillside, a prod in a phrase.

FOLK SINGING

Tacky into the Wind

*Little boxes on the hillside
Little boxes made of ticky tacky
All the same.*

This simple lyric, laminated to a catching tune, is on Billboard's list of the "Hot 100" singles, comfortably ahead of *Tell Me Baby* and catching up with *Young and in Love*. What it is doing in that league is anybody's guess. Its theme is not love, but development housing.

Blue, green, pink and yellow, the endless little boxes are inhabited by people, the song explains, who have gone to college and now have pretty children who go to summer camp and will soon go on to the university, then into little boxes of their own:

And there's doctors, and there's lawyers,

And business executives.

And they're all made out of ticky tacky.

And they all look just the same.

Overalls to Ban-the-Bomb. The song was written in the front seat of an automobile, while Songwriter Malvina Reynolds was ticktacktooling along down San Francisco's Skyline Boulevard. At the moment of inspiration, tract houses were pressing in on the road from all sides. Two hours later, she had finished music and lyrics and was performing the song before an audience that liked it so much they laughed all the way back to their boxes.

Malvina Reynolds, 63, wife of a retired carpenter, has been writing new folk songs for about 15 years. She has a Ph.D. in literature from the University of California in Berkeley, where her thesis was about a medieval folk tale. Her first songs were sung by Pete Seeger and the group that evolved into The Weavers, and she has been supplying the folk-singing boom ever since.

Some of her work, like *Bury Me in My Overalls*, has become so charcoal-mellowed familiar that it is assumed to be true folk music. And of course she is a liberal and a ban-the-bomber. She wrote *What Have They Done to the Rain*, which Joan Baez and Pete Seeger have made into an international elegy.

"Ticky-Tacky Students." A handsome, grey-haired woman with hazel eyes, Malvina Reynolds says she prefers to make her points quietly. "Lashing out is self-defeating," she explains. "It raises hackles." For all that, there are probably a lot of vertical hackles in the housing developments along Skyline Boulevard. Mrs. Reynolds herself lives in an apartment. "Conformity is not a really dreadful thing," she says, "but it's fun to prod it a little."

The phrase that prods is ticky tacky. This is the essence of the lyric, and it has multiplied virally all over the country. A Harvard professor at a recent conference struck a blow at "students made out of ticky tacky." Actress Rita Gram used the words ticky tacky at least 100 times at a Manhattan dinner party last week. A realty firm in Berkeley has a blurb claiming that it sells "distinguished houses, not ticky tacky." After hearing the song, a professor at the University of Miami said: "I've been lecturing my classes about middle-class conformity for a whole semester. Here's a song that says it all in 13 minutes."

ACTRESSES

Ingmar's Ingrid

When Ingmar Bergman exports a film, he often exports Ingrid Thulin too. She was the somber daughter-in-law in *Wild Strawberries*, the agonized wife of *The Magician*, and the plain and neurotic schoolmistress in *Winter Light*. Now she is the deviate sister in Bergman's new film, *The Silence*.

From behind the eyeglasses of *Win-*

ter Light and the pervasive gloom of all these characters, the girl who steps out is a natural blonde with bright blue eyes, a large mobile mouth, and a smile that is not quite too cool to be overpowering. She is an actress of prodigious experience who has been in 30 movies and twice as many plays, an accomplished classicist who prompts the purplest critics in the *Frozen North* to write that she "fills every corner of the stage with feminine sovereignty, beauty, sex and nerves—a star shining by its own power without reflection from irrelevant suns."

Ingrid Thulin (pronounced too-lean) was born into a comfortably landed family in the far north near Lapland. Her father is often called a fisherman in the press, but this, she explains, "only means that he fished all the time." Trained at the Royal Academy, she was nearly always cast as a sex merchant—before Bergman found her. "I always had to play *femme fatale* roles because I looked a little exotic for Sweden. I never looked like a Swedish woman. I had to play sophisticated ladies with low necks and yulery," she explains, fingering imaginary pearls. Bergman concealed her lavish charms. "It's fun to work with him," she says. "We get very involved emotionally for three months; then it's over and we say goodbye."

She is now 34 and wants to be a director herself. She has directed three plays so far, and one short film. She could perhaps be a Swedish international star like Greta Garbo or Ingrid Bergman, but after a disastrous experience in *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, she intends never to work again for Hollywood, whose exemplar potentes she recalls as "not very dependable—little crazy people you couldn't trust."

Her husband, Harry Schein, is a millionaire refugee from Austria whose entire family died in gas chambers. He made his money by inventing a process for purifying water, but has long since

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PARIS CHORUS LINE OF "COMMENT RÉUSSIR"

Vive le coffee-break.

sold his business and has just founded the new Swedish Film Institute.

Their home says much about the small population of Sweden, a country she describes as being "on the corner of the world. People don't pass through it. They come to turn and go back." The Scheims live in a rambling house in a pine forest. It has tall, leaded windows that look over a bay of the Baltic Sea. There are rabbits and squirrels all over the place—"and one owl, and one fox." It is eight minutes from the heart of Stockholm.

THEATER ABROAD

How to Succeed in Paris

Turning *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* into a French musical is only slightly more difficult than uprooting the Empire State Building and balancing it upside down on the tip of the Eiffel Tower. But a *Paris Match* editor named Raymond Castans has done it, and *Comment Réussir dans les Affaires sans Vraiment Se Fatiguer* is a new critical hit in Paris.

The dimension of this accomplishment is extraordinary because the French do not generally comprehend American musicals. The last one to open in translation there was *Annie Get Your Gun* (*Annie du Far-Ouest*) in 1950, and it flopped. Paris audiences expect the pressed sugars of operetta when they go to light musical theater, and they are never quite up to story lines and sociology in song. When the movie version of *The King and I* arrived in Paris, the theater was all but empty until the exhibitor cut all the music out of the picture; then audiences in sizable quantity began to attend.

Bettered Beef. But Castans felt that Paris was ready for *Comment Réussir*. "Although certain elements are different, the essentials are the same," he explains. "The arriviste exists in France. We also have the boss who plays golf. We have seen the boss's girl friend too.

And we know the incompetent relative who gets a job. We have even considered substituting something else for the coffee break, which, fortunately for French business, is not known here."

It will be now. The hero starts out calling it *la pause café* and, after a few expositional lines, switches to *le coffee-break*; then, in an exceptionally French lyric, he rhymes:

*Mieux qu'un beefsteak
Le coffee-break.*

Dream of Bagatelle. The World Wide Wicket Company has become the Tour-niquet Transcontinental Trusting Company, in order to avoid a shabby French tendency to say World Wide Wicket Company. When its president, J. B. Biggley, tells his florid mistress that few people know it but he is an extremely emotional man, she says (in the American version): "God damn it, so am I." "Merde alors," she says in Paris. "Moi aussi."

Parisians don't understand suburbs in the Westchester sense, so the French Rosemary could not dream of a home in New Rochelle and hope to strike a sympathetic chord. So Castans changed the town to Bagatelle, outside Paris somewhere, but obviously expensive and exotic to the French ear.

S O S. In the song *A Secretary Is Not a Toy* (*Une Secrétaire N'Est Pas une Poupée*), he was confronted with this one: "Her pad is to write in and not to spend the night in." Parisians could be expected to understand the sentiment but not the heat idiom. Castans settled for a weak substitute: in translation, "Her place is at the office and not at the Lido."

Lapses like that were few enough, but one item stopped him altogether. This secretary, according to the American lyrics, had a caboose that sported everything but the word Lionel. Castans cabled Abe Burrows for help. When he learned what Lionel is, he shrugged and left it out. That was a little bit too recondite for the French.

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FASHION

The Masculine Mode

Fashion, to the average U.S. male over 30, is something for other people—females, fops, and perhaps the Duke of Windsor. As for himself, as far as his clothes are concerned, he would like to be invisible. And if one of his colleagues—or two of them—turns up in the same outfit he is wearing, he does not feel embarrassed, as would his wife. He feels reassured. His instructions to his clothier are likely to consist of asking for a suit, a shirt or a pair of shoes "just like what I've got on."

But whether he is aware of it or not, the U.S. male is indeed subject to fashion. It is not because he likes it; it is because he can't help it. Take derbies. Can a man who likes a derby find one when the time comes for a new hat? Rarely. So he buys a soft felt, because that is all there is to buy. And whatever happened to the all-white suit, a favorite of President Harding? Where is the Chesterfield, the spat, and the well-starched evening shirt?

The Unbuttoned Look. But such changes are relatively glacial, and the menswear industry wistfully eyes the process of seasonal obsolescence in women's fashions. The makers of men's clothes have had their successes, for instance, in the spectator sporting look. No man can get by any longer with a pair of white flannels, a blue blazer, and a few white tennis shirts. Nearly everyone now owns at least one sports jacket and usually several. Twice as many sports shirts are made today as business shirts, and Cluett Peabody & Co. has just closed down its necktie division, as have all other major shirt companies.

The manufacturers have also had some reverses. The vest has almost vanished. The dinner jacket has supplanted tails almost completely, and what demand there still is for "white-tie" is largely supplied by the rental houses. To no one's great sorrow, the double-breasted suit has disappeared. Sartorial sociologists blame this on the trend toward informality. "They always had to be buttoned. If you walk around in an unbuttoned double-breasted, you look like a taxi with all the doors open," explains Irwin Grossman, vice president of Manhattan's Grosshine-Austin Leeds.

But when it comes to figuring out what makes a trend, the menswear men only wish they knew. It can be a President—but not necessarily. Ex-Haberdasher Harry Truman completed the apotheosis of the wild sports shirt worn outside the trousers, but otherwise excited no sartorial emulation. Jack Kennedy did. "Suddenly everybody wanted to look like he came from Harvard, or like he thought everyone looked at Harvard," says Grossman. And it is hoped that the floundering hat industry, for which Kennedy's wind-blown look did

nothing, will revive under the ten-gallon-Texan inspiration of President Johnson. Fortnight ago Alex Rose, president of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers International Union, paid a call at the White House and announced President Johnson's blessing for an L.B.J. hat—a lightweight model with a somewhat narrower brim than the five-gallon number the President likes to hand out to visitors.

Fads & Impulse. The best hope of the industry is the young man between 14 and 24. For one thing, he spends much more money on adornment than



ALL-WHITE HARDING



SPORTY TRUMAN



TWO-BUTTON KENNEDY

The U.S. male never knew how it happened.

his father ever did; a recent survey by E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. shows that the average college man spent \$387 on clothes last year, compared with only \$265 for members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, who were 15 years older on the average. For another thing, the young man is apt to be fad-prone.

Clothing Retailer Robert R. Storrer of Owosso, Mich., speaks respectfully of the "extremely style-conscious teen, a year-round buyer. If he sees any item he likes, he buys it on impulse. A few calls for a style or color today may mean a headlong rush for it tomorrow." If the college crowd picks it up, and the clothiers climb on the bandwagon, the middle-aged man may find it on his back two years later without even knowing why.

But the clothiers' real frustration is suits. A major breakthrough was scored ten years ago with the introduction of lightweight fabrics that could be tailored, and today the sale of summer suits exceeds that of winter suits. In fact, the heavy winter suit is obsolescing fast. When heaters became standard equipment in every car, men no longer were out in the cold long enough

to bother with the real woolly type. They now almost always buy the medium-weight suit that serves for eight out of the twelve months.

In the U.S. today there are three basic suit styles: the Ivy League, worn by collegiates and Madison Avenue; the more form-fitting "forward look," favored by the young and sharp; and the American classic, worn by about 50% of all American males.

Unable to persuade men to change their suit styles, clothiers concentrate their efforts on urging men to "trade upward." Here their trouble is the lack of status identification—from across a room a \$50 suit looks too much like a \$250 one. As Irwin Grossman puts it:

"A Caddy, or a Lincoln, or an elegant house, or a mink coat—they smell of money, everybody knows what they cost. But the trouble with a man's suit is that, to most men, all suits are pretty much alike. You know—two legs, two sleeves. The label's on the inside, where nobody sees it. If we knew how to get the label on the outside, we'd all be in clover."

TRAVEL

Land Cruise

Rail travel as a form of pleasure may just possibly be on its way back. Last week a travel company called Four Winds announced three "Americana Rail Cruises" in June, July and August. Each will consist of a 15-car chartered train, which will take a maximum 300 passengers on a 23-day tour of the U.S. and Mexico. For \$1,095 apiece, the rail cruisers will be provided with dancing and entertainment aboard, as well as nine nights in "luxury hotels" in Washington, D.C., New Orleans, Mexico City, Denver, Los Angeles and San Francisco. The baggage allowance will be an eye-opener to the jet-conditioned: a whopping 350 lbs.

JAZZ

The Loneliest Monk

(See Cover)

Everyone who came to meet his plane wore a fur hat, and the sight was too much for him to bear. "Man, we got to have those!" he told his sidemen, and for fear that the hat stores would be closed before they could get to downtown Helsinki, they fled from the welcome-to-Finland ceremonies as fast as decency permitted. And sure enough, when Thelonious Monk shambled out on the stage of the Kulttuuritalo that night to the spirited applause of 2,500 young Finns, there on his head was a splendid creation in fake lamb's-wool.

At every turn of his long life in jazz, Monk's hats have described him almost as well as the name his parents had the crystal vision to invent for him 43 years ago—Thelonious Sphere Monk. It sounds like an alchemist's formula or a yoga ritual, but during the many years when its owner merely strayed through life (absurd beneath a baseball cap), it was the perfect name for the legends dreamed up to account for his sad silence. "Thelonious Monk? He's a reclusive man." In the mid-'40s, when Monk's reputation at last took hold in the jazz underground, his name and his mystic utterances ("It's always night or we wouldn't need light") made him seem the ideal Dharma Bum to an audience of hipsters: anyone who wears a Chinese coolie hat and has a name like that *must* be cool.

High Philosophy. Now Monk has arrived at the summit of serious recognition he deserved all along, and his name is spoken with the quiet reverence that jazz itself has come to demand. His music is discussed in composition

courses at Juilliard, sophisticates find in it affinities with Webern, and French Critic Andre Hodeir hails him as the first jazzman to have "a feeling for specifically modern esthetic values." The complexity jazz has lately acquired has always been present in Monk's music, and there is hardly a jazz musician playing who is not in some way indebted to him. On his tours last year he bought a silk skullcap in Tokyo and a proper chapeau at Christian Dior's in Paris; when he comes home to New York next month with his Finnish lid, he will say with inner glee, "Yeah—I got it in Helsinki."

The spectacle of Monk at large in Europe last week was cheerful evidence of his new fame—and evidence, too, of how far jazz has come from its Deep South beginnings. In Amsterdam, Monk and his men were greeted by a sellout crowd of 2,000 in the Concertgebouw, and their Düsseldorf audience was so responsive that Monk gave the Germans his highest blessing: "These cats are with it!" The Swedes were even more hip: Monk played to a Stockholm audience that applauded some of his compositions on the first few bars, as if he were Frank Sinatra singing *Night and Day*, and Swedish television broadcast the whole concert live. Such European enthusiasm for a breed of cat many Americans still consider weird, if not downright wicked, may seem something of a puzzle. But to jazzmen touring Europe, it is one more proof that the limits of the art at home are more sociological than esthetic.

Though Monk's career has been painful and often thankless, it has also been a tortoise-and-hare race with flashier, more migrating men—many of whom got lost in narcotic fogs, died early in squalor and disgrace or abandoned their



THELONIOUS IN STOCKHOLM

With a meditative O.

promise, to fall silent on their horns. Monk goes on. It is his high philosophy to be different, and having steadily ignored all advice and all the fads and vogues of jazz that made lesser musicians grow rich around him, he now reaps the rewards of his conviction gladly but without surprise. He has a dignified, three-album-a-year contract with Columbia Records, his quartet could get bookings 52 weeks a year, and his present tour of Europe is almost a sell-out in 20 cities from Helsinki to Milan. In his first full year, Monk earned \$50,000, and on checks as well as autograph books he signs his grand name grandly, like a man drawing a bird.

Monk's lifework of 87 compositions is a diabolical and witty self-portrait: a string of stark snapshots of his life in New York. Changing meters, unique harmonies and oddly voiced chords create the effect of a desperate conversation in some other language, a fit of drunken laughter, a shout from a park at night. His melodies make mocking twins of naivete and cynicism, of ridicule and fond memory. *Ruby, My Dear* and *Nutty* are likably simple; *Oh Mimir* and *Trinkle Tinkle* are so complex that among pianists only Monk and his early protege, Bud Powell, have been able to improvise freely upon them.

Monk's inimitable piano style is such an integral part of the music he has written that few jazz pianists have much luck with even the Monk tunes that have become part of the standard jazz repertory. Monk himself plays with deliberate inattention, attacking the piano as if it were a carillon's keyboard or a finely tuned set of 88 drums. The array of sounds he divines from his Baldwin grand are beyond the reach of academic pianists; he caresses a note with the tremble of a jeweled finger, then stomps it into its grave with a crash of elbow and forearm aimed with aston-

MONK & HIS MEN AT THE AMSTERDAM CONCERTGEBOUW
The Dutch dug but the Swedes were hipper.

ishing accuracy at a chromatic tone cluster an octave long.

Monk's best showcase has always been a café on Manhattan's Lower East Side called the Five Spot, where he ended a highly successful seven-month engagement in January. The ambience of the Five Spot is perfect for Monk's mood—dark, a little dank, smoke-soaked and blue. Night after night, Monk would play his compositions—the same tunes over and over again, with what appeared to be continuing fascination with all that they have to say.

Then he would rise from the piano to perform his Monkish dance. It is always the same. His feet stir in a soft shuffle, spinning him slowly in small circles. His head rolls back until his brim meets collar, while with both hands he twists his goatee into a sharp black scabbard. His eyes are hooded with an abstract sleepiness, his lips are pursed in a meditative O. His cultists may crowd the room, but when he moves among them, no one risks speaking; he is absorbed in a fragile trance, and his three sidemen play on while he dances alone in the darkness. At the last cry of the saxophone, he dashes to the piano and his hands strike the keys in a cat's pounce. From the first startled chord, his music has the urgency of fire bells.

Pretty Butterfly. At the piano, Monk is clearly tending to business, but once he steps away from it, people begin to wonder. Aside from his hat and the incessant shuffle of his feet, he looks like a perfectly normal neurotic. "Solid!" and "All right!" are about all he will say in the gravelly sigh that serves as his voice, but his friends attribute great spiritual strength to him. Aware of his power over people, Monk is enormously selfish in the use of it. Passive, poutish moods sweep over him as he shuffles about, looking away, a member of the race of strangers.

Every day is a brand-new pharmaceutical event for Monk: alcohol, Dexedrine, sleeping potions, whatever is at hand, charge through his bloodstream in baffling combinations. Predictably, Monk is highly unpredictable. When gay, he is gentle and blithe to such a degree that he takes to dancing on the sidewalks, buying extravagant gifts for anyone who comes to mind, playing his heart out. One day last fall he swept into his brother's apartment to dance before a full-length mirror so he could admire his collar-leat boutonniere: he left without a word. "Hey!" he will call out. "Butterflies taster than birds! Must be, 'cause with all the birds on the scene up in my neighborhood, there's this butterfly, and he flies any way he wanna. Yeah. Black and yellow butterfly. Pretty butterfly." At such times, he seems a very happy man.

At other times he appears merely mad. He has periods of acute disconnection in which he falls totally mute. He stays up for days on end, prowling around desperately in his rooms, troubling his friends, playing the piano as if jazz were a wearying curse. In Boston

Monk once wandered around the airport until the police picked him up and took him to Grafton State Hospital for a week's observation. He was quickly released without strings, and though the experience persuaded him never to go out on the road alone again, he now tells it as a certification of his sanity. "I can't be crazy," he says with conviction, "'cause they had me in one of those places and they let me go."

Much of the confusion about the state of Monk's mind is simply the effect of Monkish humor. He has a great reputation in the jazz world as a master of the "put-on," a mildly cruel art invented by hipsters as a means of toying with squares. Monk is proud of his skill. "When anybody says something that's a drag," he says, "I just say something

suggested that the better he is received by his audience the better he gets."

Happenings in Harlem. For Monk, the pleasure of playing in Philharmonic Hall was mainly geographical. The hall has built three blocks from the home he has occupied for nearly 40 years, and Monk serenely regards the choice of the site as a favor to him from the city fathers, a personal convenience, along with the new bank and the other refinements that urban renewal has brought to his old turf. The neighborhood, in Manhattan's West 60s, is called San Juan Hill. It is one of the oldest and most decent of the city's Negro ghettos. Monk's family settled there in 1924, coming north from Rocky Mount, N.C., where Thelonious was born.

He was a quiet, obedient, polite child,



CONDUCTING HIS BAND AT MANHATTAN'S PHILHARMONIC HALL
All you do is lay down the sounds.

that's a bigger drag. Ain't nobody can beat me at it either. I've had plenty of practice." Lately, though, Monk has been more mannerly and conventional. He says he hates the "mad genius" legend he has lived with for 20 years—though he's beginning to wonder politely about the "genius" part.

Monk's speculations were greatly encouraged in December, when he crowned all his recent achievements with a significant trip uptown from the Five Spot to Philharmonic Hall. There he presided over a concert by a special ten-piece ensemble and his own quartet. The music was mainly Monk's own—nine compositions from the early *I Mean You to Oskia T.*, which he wrote last summer under a title that is his own transcription of an Englishman's saying "Ask for T." ("And the T," says Thelonious, "is me.") The concert was the most successful jazz event of the season, and Monk greeted his triumph with grace and style. At the piano he turned to like a blacksmith at a cranky forge—foot flapping madly, a moan of exertion fleeing his lips. The music he made

but his name very quickly set him apart. "Nobody messed with Thelonious," he recalls, "but they used to call me 'Monkey,' and you know what a drag that was." His father returned to the South alone to recover from a long illness, leaving Monk's mother, a sternly correct civil servant, to work hard to give her three children a genteel polish. At eleven, Thelonious began weekly piano lessons at 75¢ an hour.

It took Monk only a year to discover that the pianists he really admired were not in the books—such players as Duke Ellington, Fats Waller, James P. Johnson. By the time he was 14, Monk was playing jazz at hard-times "rent parties" up in Harlem. He soon began turning up every Wednesday for amateur night at the Apollo Theater, but he won so often that he was eventually barred from the show. He was playing stride piano—a single note on the first and third beats of the bar, a chord on the second and fourth. Unable to play with the roccoco wizardry of Art Tatum or Teddy Wilson, though, he found a way of his own. His small hands and his

unmistakable manner, she made him style unique.

Monk quit high school at 16 to go on tour with a divine healer—"we played and she healed." But within a year he was back in New York, playing the piano at Kelly's Stable on 52nd Street. The street was jumping in those days, and in advance of the vogue, Monk bought a zoot suit and grew a beard; his mood, for a change, was just right for the time. The jazz world was astray under the crushing weight of swing; the big dance bands had carried off the healthiest child of Negro music and starved it of its spirit until its parents no longer recognized it. In defiant self-defense, Negro players were developing something new—"something they can't play," Monk once called it—and at 19, Monk got to the heart of things by joining the house band at Minton's.

The New Sound. All the best players of the time would drop by to sit in at Minton's. Saxophonist Charlie ("Bird") Parker, Trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, Drummer Kenny Clarke and Guitarist Charlie Christian were all regulars and, in fitful collaboration with them, Monk presided at the birth of bop. His playing was a needling inspiration to the others. Rhythms scrambled forward at his touch; the oblique boldness of his harmonies forced the horn players into flights the likes of which had never been heard before. "The Monk runs deep," Bird would say, and with some reluctance Monk became "the High Priest of Bebop." The name of the new sound, Monk now says, was a slight misunderstanding of his invention: "I was calling it biphop, but the others must have heard me wrong."

When bop drifted out of Harlem and into wider popularity after the war, Monk was already embarked on his long and lonely scuffle. Straight bop—which still determines the rhythm sense of most jazzmen—was only a passing

phase for Monk. He was outside the mainstream, playing a lean, dissonant, unresolved jazz that most players found perilously difficult to accompany. Many musicians reviled him, and he quickly lost his grip on steady jobs. Alone in his room, where he had composed his earliest music—"Round Midnight, Well, You Needn't, Ruby, My Dear"—he worked or simply stared at the picture of Billie Holiday tacked to his ceiling. In 1947 he made his first recording under his own name and witnessed, to his horror, a breathless publicity campaign that sounded as if the Abominable Snowman had been caged by Blue Note Records.

The same year, Monk married a neighborhood girl named Nellie Smith, who had served a long and affectionate apprenticeship lighting his cigarettes and washing his dishes. Monk had always been unusually devoted to his mother; Nellie simply moved into his room so he could stay home with mom. Thus, to his intense satisfaction, he had two mothers. He still found jobs hard to come by, so Nellie went to work as a clerk to buy him clothes and cheer him up with pocket money.

A Drink at Least. Things were terrible until 1951, when they got worse. Monk was arrested along with Bud Powell when a packet of heroin was found in their possession. Monk had always been "clean," but he refused to let Powell take the rap alone. "Every day I would plead with him," Nellie says. "'Thelonious, get yourself out of this trouble. You didn't do anything.' But he'd just say, 'Nellie, I have to walk the streets when I get out. I can't talk.'" Monk held his silence and was given 60 days in jail.

As soon as he was released, the police canceled his "cabaret card," a document required of all entertainers who appear in New York nightclubs. Losing the card cost Monk his slender

livelihood, but he had a reputation as an oddball and the police were adamant. For six years Monk could not play in New York; though he made a few records and went out on the road now and then, he was all but silenced. "Everybody was saying Thelonious was weird or locked up," Nellie recalls. "But they just talked that way because they'd never see him. He hated to be asked why he wasn't working, and he didn't want to see anybody unless he could buy them a drink at least. Besides, it hurts less to be passed over for jobs if you aren't around to hear the others' names called. It was a bad time. He even had to pay to get into Birdland."

Monk was the man who was not with it, and jazz was passing him by. Miles Davis had come on with his "impressionist" jazz style—a rubato blowing in spurts and swoons, free of any vibrato, cooler than ice. The Modern Jazz Quartet was playing a kind of introverted 17th century jazz behind inscrutable faces, and Dave Brubeck (*TIME* cover, Nov. 8, 1954) introduced polished sound that came with the complete approval of Darius Milhaud. Suddenly jazz—one of the loveliest and loneliest of sounds, the creation of sad and sensitive men—was awash with ronds and fugues. The hipsters began dressing like graduate students.

Money & Medicine. Monk was sustained during much of this bleak time by his friend, mascot and champion, the Baroness Panmonica de Koenigswarter, 50. The baroness had abandoned the aseptic, punctual world of her family¹ for the formless life of New York's night people. In 1955 she acquired undesired notoriety when Charlie Parker died in her apartment (now KING DIES IN HERESY FLAT): she had merely made an honest stab at saving his life with gifts of money and medicine in his last few days. From then on, though, Nica cut a wide swath in the jazz world. She is, after all, not a Count Basie or a Duke Ellington, but an honest-to-God Baroness: seeing her pull up in her Bentley with a purse crammed with Chivas Regal, the musicians took enormous pride in her friendship.

Monk was her immediate fascination, and Monk, who only has eyes for Nellie, cheerfully took her on as another mother. She gave him rides, rooms to compose and play in and, in 1957, help in getting back the vital cabaret card. The baroness, along with Monk's gentle manager, a Queens high school teacher named Harry Colomby, collected medical evidence that Monk was not a junkie, along with character references by jazzmen and musical scholars. The cops gave in, and for the first time in years Monk began playing reg-

¹ She is the daughter of the late British banker Nathaniel Charles Rothschild and the sister of the 3rd Baron Rothschild. But she takes her title from her 20-year marriage to Baron Jules de Koenigswarter, a hero of the French Resistance who is presently French Ambassador to Peru.



BEING PICKED UP BY THE BENTLEY AT THE FIVE SPOT
A purse filled with Chivas Regal.

ularly in New York. The music he made at the Five Spot with Tenorman John Coltrane was the talk of jazz.

Monk was making a small but admired inroad into the "funk" and "soul" movements that had superseded the "cool." Funk was a deeper reach into Negro culture than jazz had taken before, a restatement of church music and African rhythms, but its motive was the same as hop's—finding something that white musicians had not taken over and, if possible, something they would sound wrong playing.

Then Monk lost his card again. Monk, the baroness, and Monk's present saxophonist, Charlie Rouse, 39, were driving through Delaware for a week's work in Baltimore. Monk stopped at a motel for a drink of water, and when he lingered in his imposing manner, the manager called the police. Monk was back in the Bentley when the cops arrived, and he held fast to the steering wheel when they tried to pull him out—on the Monkish ground that he had done nothing to deserve their attention. Even though the baroness shrieked to watch out for his hands, the furious cops gave his knuckles such a beating that he hears the lumps to this day. The baroness took the rap for "some loose marijuana" found in the trunk, but after three years' legal maneuvering she was acquitted. No narcotics charges were placed against Monk, but because of the scandal the police again picked up his card.

You Tell 'Em. Two years later, after further lobbying at Headquarters, Monk returned to the scene. Since then his luck has changed. Three years have passed without a whisper of trouble. Abroad, at least, he is approached as if he were a visiting professor. (Interview on an Amsterdam radio station last week: "Who has had the greatest influence on your playing, Mr. Monk?" "Well, me, of course.") Most pleasing of all to Monk is a new quartet led by Soprano Saxophonist Steve Lacy that is dedicated solely to the propagation of Monk's music. In the past Monk has been the only voice of his music; he even has trouble finding sidemen.

His present accompanists—Rouse on tenor, Butch Warren, 24, on bass, and Ben Riley, 30, on drums—have a good feeling for his music. Rouse is a hard-sound player who knows that his instrument suggests a human cry more than a bird song, and he plays as if he is speaking the truth. Warren's rich, loping bass is well suited to Monk's rhythms if not his harmonic ideas; he is like a pony in pasture who traces his mother's footsteps without stealing her grace. Riley has just joined the band, but he could be the man Monk has been looking for. A great drummer, as the nonpareil Baby Dodds once observed, "ought to make the other fellas feel like playing." Riley does exactly that, with a subtle, very musical use of the drums that forsakes thunder for thoughtfulness.

Monk's sidemen traditionally hang back, smiling and relaxed, and apart



THE BARONESS CONTEMPLATING HEAD OF MONK
A mother, a mascot, a champion, a friend.

from an occasional Rouse solo, they seem content to let Monk lead. "That's right, Monk," they seem to be saying, "you tell 'em, baby." But Monk demands that musicians be themselves. "A man's a genius just for looking like himself," he will say. "Play yourself!" With such injunctions in the air, the quartet's performances are uneven. Some nights all four play as though their very lives are at stake: some nights, wanting inspiration, all four sink without a bubble. But it is part of Monk's mystique never to fire anyone. He just waits, hoping to teach, trusting that a man who cannot learn will eventually sense the master's indifference and discreetly abandon ship.

Now that Monk is being heard regularly, he seems more alone than ever. Jazz has unhappily splintered into hostile camps, musically and racially. Lyrical and polished players are accused of "playing white," which means to pursue beauty before truth. The spirit and sound of each variety of jazz is carefully analyzed, isolated and pronounced a "bag." Players in the soul bag, the African bag and the freedom bag are all after various hard, aggressive and free sounds, and there are also those engaged in "action blowing," a kind of shrieking imitation of action painting.

Within each bag, imitation of the "daddy" spreads through the ranks like summer fires. Trumpeters try to play like Miles Davis. And hold their horns like Miles. And dress like Miles. Bassists imitate Charlie Mingus or Scott La Faro: drummers, Max Roach or Elvin Jones. Sax players copy Sonny Rollins or John Coltrane, who is presently so much the vogue that the sound of his whole quartet is being echoed by half the jazz groups in the country.

Bud Powell, Red Garland, Bill Evans and Horace Silver all have had stronger influences than Monk's on jazz pianists. Monk's sound is so obviously his own that to imitate it would be as risky and embarrassing as affecting a Chinese accent when ordering chop suey. Besides,

Monk is off in a bag all his own, and in the sleek, dry art that jazz threatens to become, that is the best thing about him.

A Curse in Four Beats. In the gossip world of jazz, Monk is also less discussed than many others. Occasionally he will say some splendid thing and the story will make the rounds, but there are personalities more actively bizarre than Monk's around. Rollins is a Rorschachian who contemplates the East River, letting his telephone ring in his ear for hours while he studies birds from his window. Mingus is so obsessed with goblins from the white world that person to person he is as perverse as a roulette wheel; his analyst wrote the notes for his last record jacket. Coltrane is a health addict—doing push-ups, scrubbing his teeth, grinding up cabbages.

And Miles Davis. Miles broods in his beautiful town house, teaching his son to box so that he won't fear white men, raging at every corner of a world that has made him wealthy, a world that is now, in Guinea and the Congo as well as in Alabama and New York, filled with proud little boys who call themselves Miles Davis. He is a man who needs to shout, but his anger is trapped in a hoarse whisper caused by an injury to his vocal cords. The frustration shows. Onstage, he storms inwardly, glaring at his audience, wincing at his trumpet, stabbing and tugging at his ear. Often his solos degenerate into a curse blown again and again through his horn in four soft beats. But Miles can break hearts. Without attempting the strident showmanship of most trumpeters, he still creates a mood of terror suppressed—a lurking and highly exciting impression that he may some day blow his brains out playing. No one, Dizzy Gillespie included, does it so well.

Racial woes are at the heart of much bad behavior in jazz, and the racial question is largely a confusion between life and art. Negroes say whites cannot play, when they mean that whites have always taken more money out of jazz



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WITH NELLIE AT HOME

Where he is sometimes known as "Melodious Thunk."

than their music warranted. Whites complain of "Crow Jim" when what they mean is that work is scarcer than ever—even for them. The fact is that most of the best jazz musicians are Negroes and there is very little work to go around on either side.

At bars and back tables in the 20 or so good jazz clubs in the country, talented, frustrated musicians—many of them historic figures in jazz—hang around in the hope of hearing their names called, like longshoremen at a midnight shape-up. Junkies who were good players a year ago swoop through the clubs in search of a touch, faces faintly dusty, feet itching, nodding, scratching. The simple jazz fans in the audience sit shivering in the cold fog of hostility the players blow down from the stand. A dig-we-must panic inhibits them from displaying any enthusiasm—which only further convinces the players that their music is lost on the wind.

An **Oriental Garden**, Monk surveys these sad facts with some bitterness. "I don't have any musician friends," he says. "I was friends to lots of musicians, but looks like they weren't friends to me." He sometimes makes quiet and kindly gestures—such as sending some money to Bud Powell, caged in a tuberculosis sanatorium outside Paris—but his words are hard. "All you're supposed to do is lay down the sounds and let the people pick up on them," he says. "If you ain't doing that, you just ain't a musician. Nothing more to it than that."

Now that his turn has come, Monk cuts a fine figure on the scene. Nellie spends a hysterical hour every evening getting him into his ensemble, and when he steps out the door he looks faintly like an Oriental garden—subtle colors echoing back and forth, prim suits and silk shirts glimmering discreetly. He spends hours standing around with his hand, talking in his unpenetrable, oracular mode. "All ways know, always night, all ways know—and dig the way I say 'all ways,'" he says, smiling mysteriously.

When he is playing anywhere near New York, the baroness comes to drive him home, and they fly off in the Bentley, content in the knowledge that there is no one remotely like either one of them under the sun. They race against the lights for the hell of it, and when the car pulls up in Monk's block, he skips out and disappears into his old \$39-a-month apartment. The baroness then drives home to Weehawken, where she lives in a luxurious bedroom oasis, surrounded by the reeking squalor her 32 cats have created in the other rooms.

Monk spends lazy days at home with Nellie—"layin' dead," he calls it. Their two children, Thelonious, 14, and Barbara, 10, are off in boarding schools, and Monk's slumbers go undisturbed. Nellie flies around through the narrow paths left between great piles of possessions, tending to his wants. Clothes are in the sink, boxes and packages are on the chairs; Monk's grand piano stands in the kitchen, the foundation for a tower of forgotten souvenirs, phone books, a typewriter, old magazines and groceries. From his bed Monk announces his wishes ("Nellie! Ice cream!"), and Nellie races to serve; she retaliates gently by calling him "Melodious Thunk" in quiet mutters over the sink.

Nellie and the few other people who have ever known Monk in the slightest all see a great inner logic to his life that dignifies everything he says and does. He never lies. He never shouts. He has no greed. He has no envy. His message, as Nellie interprets it to their children, is noble and strong. "Be yourself," she tells them. "Don't bother about what other people say, because you are you! The thing to be is just yourself." She also tells them that Monk is no one special, but the children have seen him asleep with his Japanese skullcap on his head or with a cabbage leaf drooping from his lapel, and they know better. "I try to tell them different," Nellie says, "but of course I can't. After all, if Thelonious isn't special, then what is?"



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Report from mid-Atlantic:

**IBM computer helps 60 nations
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ON A STORMY NIGHT in mid-ocean a cabin boy slipped in a freighter's engine room. He was seriously injured and there was no doctor aboard.

Promptly the distress call went out over radio. Shortly afterwards—at 3:10 a.m.—the call was relayed to Coast Guard headquarters in New York City.

The Search and Rescue officer then on duty glanced at a chart. The freighter lay nearly 2,000 miles distant. No Coast Guard ship or amphib could possibly make it there in time.

But somewhere in that area there should be a ship that *did* have a doctor. But what ship—and where was it?

This was a case for AMVER (Atlantic Merchant Vessel Report). The ship's



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position was phoned to AMVER headquarters. A punched card was fed into AMVER's IBM computer.

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The Duty Officer then radioed the freighter and a rendezvous was arranged with a French liner. At 4:52, at a computer-calculated point in the North Atlantic, the two ships met. The cabin boy was transferred to a surgeon's care and his life was saved.

The emergency bell at the Search and Rescue headquarters is seldom silent for long. A tramp steamer reports a fire off the Azores. A storm-battered tanker is breaking up. A cruise passenger needs a rare type of blood. A fishing trawler is missing. A motor cruiser is sinking off Cape Cod. A man is overboard in mid-Atlantic.

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Time and again the rescue work is accomplished by merchant vessels themselves, coordinated by AMVER and a computer that calculates their position from known speed and course.

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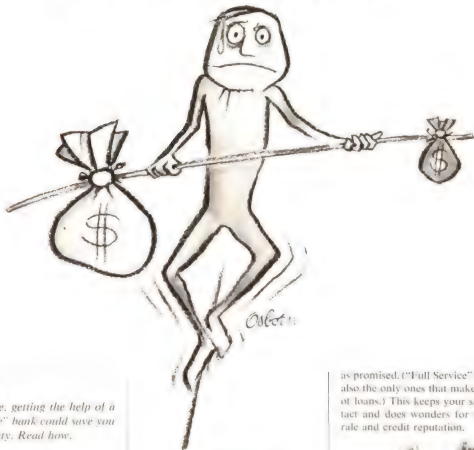
when it is directed by thinking men.

"Previously, we tried to advance plots by hand," says Commander M. F. Mitchell, AMVER director. "But even with ample help we could not cope with more than 200 ships at a time. Today we can keep minute-by-minute track of 1000 ships simultaneously. This has helped AMVER achieve a new spirit of cooperation among ships of all flags."

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MERCHANDISING

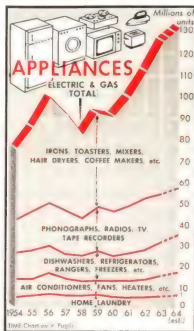
Two in Every Home

To join the electric toothbrush and the powered swizzle stick, the U.S. appliance industry could use an automatic head scratcher—for itself. It has just enjoyed three fat years, and now, with delight bordering on disbelief, is facing a fourth. Last week, closing their books on 1963 sales and pulling together first reports for 1964, appliance manufacturers reported that sales of machines that cool, clean, cook and entertain rose 7% last year, to \$9 billion, and last month ran 10% ahead of the previous January. Demand seems to be increasing faster than ever.

Tempting Models. Appliance makers benefit from the same factors that have created the unexpectedly prolonged boom in the auto industry: record rates of personal income and housing construction, the nation's desire to trade up to fancier models, and a strong replacement market. The two-car family increasingly has its counterpart in the multi-appliance family. Well over 1,500,000 households now are cooled by more than one air conditioner, and about 11 million families have a big TV set in the living room and portables scattered around the house. More than half of the 3,100,000 automatic washers sold last year were bought by people who already had one but wanted a spare or replacement. The trend is symbolized by the refrigerator in the garage; manufacturers report that many families store up beer and soda there, and buy a new refrigerator for the kitchen long before the old stand-by has finished its 15-year life expectancy.

Tempting people to acquire appliances before the old ones wheeze out, the industry is busy adding new—or at least newish—models. After noting that 75% of the 7,000,000 black-and-white TV sets sold this year will be inexpensive portables, RCA last week brought out a new portable priced at \$112.88. Admiral and Kelvinator started producing refrigerators that are lined with plastic foam instead of the bulkier glass fiber, thus have bigger insides than conventional models. General Electric has brought out "self-cleaning" ovens that dissolve grime by melting it down at temperatures up to 880° F.

Skinny Prosperity. Expanding sales are not necessarily followed by bigger profits for dealers. Appliance prices have been pushed down by discounting, intense competition among two dozen major manufacturers, and the spread of the private-label brands sold by the chains. The average refrigerator, which now sells for \$278, costs 25% less than in 1951, and prices of washers have dropped 10% in the same period. The appliance dealers' association estimates that profits will increase less than 1% this year and that 5% of the small deal-



ers will fold. Many of the remaining independents are banding together to buy in carload lots so that they can offer loss leaders as the chains do.

In color television, however, profits are high and prices firm. Color sales rose by 72% to 750,000 sets last year, and RCA, the industry's biggest producer, expects them almost to double this year. Though Zenith, Sylvania and National Video Corp. have lately joined RCA as manufacturers of color TV tubes, high demand has made for a

shortage of tubes that is likely to continue through 1964. Next year RCA will bring out a rectangular tube that will do away with the cropped corners on the screen and make the TV cabinet shallower. Portable color TVs are due in about three years. Looking toward the late 1960s or the 1970s, manufacturers are also working on practically priced home microwave ranges that bake a potato in five minutes, ultrasonic washers that clean without suds or water, and compact thermoelectric appliances that heat, cool and freeze without the aid of moving parts.

AGRICULTURE

Trouble on the Range

That American folk hero, the big Western cattleman, has become more of a business executive than a broncobuster. Often a college graduate, he herds his cattle from a helicopter, feeds and breeds them with the aid of computers, waters them from electrically warmed troughs and sometimes fattens them on beer. But while he pampers his animals, the cattleman himself is having a tough time. Last week the Chicago price of prime beef on the hoof fell to 22 1/2¢ per lb., the lowest since 1936, and cattlemen discarded their usual suspicion of Government programs long enough to cry for federal aid. Washington responded quickly. The State Department signed agreements with Australia and New Zealand to limit their exports of meat to the U.S.

Competition from Celebrities. Imports of Australian beef have doubled in the past two years, and U.S. prices dropped 25% in 1963. More than 10% of the 97 lbs. of beef eaten by the av-



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erage American last year was imported, and most of it came from the sprawling ranges of Australia and New Zealand, which produce a chewy but inexpensive grade of meat. The new trade agreements will hold this year's imports to the 1962-63 level and permit small increases later—but this did not satisfy U.S. cattlemen. In Omaha, the National Livestock Feeders Association announced that it was "disturbed, disgusted, dumfounded." Cattlemen's groups want even stiffer import quotas and think that the 3% tariff on red meat is much too low.

But the real problem is back home on the range, where too many people are raising too much cattle. Last year, as cattlemen held their cows off the market in hopes of higher prices, the U.S. herd expanded by 6% to 106 million head worth \$13.5 billion. Swift, Armour and other packers are feeding much of their own cattle in direct competition with the independent cattlemen; so are such supermarket chains as Food Fair and National Tea.

Show business folk with high incomes, oil operators, companies, and even churches have moved into the cattle business to exploit its tax advantages. Cattle is considered an asset that can be depreciated over a relatively short period; the expenses of raising herds are fully deductible, and long-term profits are taxed as capital gains at a top of 25%. Among the part-time beef barons are Jack Benny, Greer Garson, Gene Autry, Dinah Shore, Stewart Granger, Hunt Oil Co. and the Mormon Church.

Help for Housewives. Since meat is the biggest single item in the U.S. food bill (about 25¢ out of every dollar), one beneficiary of the current situation is the U.S. housewife. Retail beef prices slipped 2% to an average 81¢ per lb. last year, and the dip is expected to continue for a while. But Government experts also reckon that the cattlemen's troubles are only temporary. The beef business historically runs in cycles: when prices hold low, cattlemen sooner or later have to thin their herds, marginal operators drop out—and prices begin to recover. Besides, as the Agriculture Department made a point of noting last week, Lyndon Johnson, as a cattle raiser himself, is very much interested in seeing that ranchers get the right treatment.

PATENTS

Reform Pending

Americans are an inventive people, a fact that is both the pride and despair of the U.S. Patent Office, the hard-pressed clearinghouse for some 85,000 new patent applications each year. Last week the office announced that it will hike its fees to applicants (from \$60 to \$125, plus a new \$50 maintenance fee) so that it can better afford to improve and automate its service. And it needs improving.

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GERMAN AIRLINES

examiners now have to dig laboriously through more than 10 million U.S. and foreign patents that fill the agency's grey granite building in Washington. The system has become so complex and overburdened that the backlog of applications has risen to 200,000, and the average patent now takes at least 3½ years to struggle through the maze.

This week the Senate is expected to confirm the newly appointed commissioner of patents, the 39th since the days when Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson personally handled the 200 applications made by Americans each year. He is Edward J. Brenner, 40, a reserved, rugged patent attorney and engineer for Esso, who will need all his own inventiveness to keep from foundering in a morass of words, charts and pictures.

No Rube Goldbergs. In the patent field, the day of an Eli Whitney, a Cyrus McCormick—or even a Rube Goldberg at work alone in a basement workshop—is largely over. Today, big corporations and the Government account for 70% of all patents issued. Among corporations, General Electric holds the most (12,000), followed by A.T. & T., RCA, Esso, Westinghouse and Du Pont. The individuals who hold the most patents are also connected with corporations: Raytheon Scientist Percy Spencer alone holds 225, and Polaroid's chairman, Dr. Edwin Land, has well over 100.

The patent, which grants a person or company the exclusive right to an invention for 17 years, is a vital industrial weapon. Patent logicians can slow research and development—a company is reluctant to go ahead until it knows that it is protected—and result in costly litigation. Only three weeks ago, after 17 years of hearings, examinations and appeals, Sperry Rand was finally granted a patent for the first logic system or basic system of its electronic computer. Now the company must decide whether to sue other computer makers who use the same system.

Individualistic Inventions. Once, mechanical inventions dominated: the electromechanical telephone (Pat. No. 173,465) is still considered the most valuable invention ever patented. But the fastest-rising area of patents in recent years has been in chemicals and electronics; chemical patents now account for 20% of all new filings. Inventors nowadays are also hard at work in such areas as automated text reading, desalinization of seawater, freeze-drying techniques and the development of new drugs.

The patent office still gets bids for such individualistic inventions as eyeglasses for chickens and collars with periscopes. And the little man, despite the predominance of the large corporation can still score. A mechanical clam catcher dreamed up a few years back by a onetime airplane pilot has grown into a \$5,000,000 business around Maryland's Chesapeake Bay.



PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC BOARD MEETING
A lot of give and take.

MANAGEMENT

Inside the Board Room

The Social Register of U.S. business is a thick, blue-covered book that lists the members of the nation's most exclusive business clubs: the corporate boards of directors. Last week Standard & Poor's issued the 17th edition of its *Register of Corporations, Directors and Executives*, covering some 29,000 publicly held companies. The 3,185-page volume listed the names of 72,153 directors and executives, the highest number in history. Standard & Poor's also drew a statistical profile of the men who run U.S. business.

Of the people in the directory, 70% are over 50, and many are much older: 750 are over 80, while only 296 are 30 or younger. More at them (3,465) attended Harvard than any other college, and the Ivy League colleges in general led the field; on the other hand, 23,960 listed no college or university at all. More and more women are becoming directors, though the number is still relatively small: the new *Register* lists 1,148 directors who identify themselves as women, but Standard & Poor's suspects that some 300 other women may have used only initials to conceal their sex.

Despite the rising number of directors, "the nation's companies are still hard-pressed to find men—or women—with the time and savvy to fill the 150,000 board-room chairs. Because of the increasing complexity of business, directors need to know more and work harder than ever. By charting—or at least approving—the policy guidelines

Boards probably originated in Germany in the 15th century, when mining companies began selling shares to people in distant cities. Investors found it difficult to attend company meetings, appointed agents to look after their interests.

followed by management, they act as trustees for 17 million U.S. stockholders. Yet few stockholders know much about who the directors are, what they do, or how they are selected.

Microcosm of Business. The directors of small companies tend to be dominated by the president or controlling owner, who has a board because state laws require it and who packs it with his pals. A few giants, notably Standard Oil (N.J.), have completely "inside" boards consisting of only their own executives, and Du Pont has a "proprietary" board in which family members and other large stockholders predominate. But most leading companies choose a majority of outside directors and give them a large voice in policy.

Today's boards are larger than they used to be and are still growing. Twelve members seems to be the current average, but some companies go as high as 17. For the most part, today's board members are expected to work at their task; each directorship costs a man at least one day's time a month, not counting several hours of homework. Communications between the directors and corporate officers, once haphazard, have been improved to the extent that many executives spend most of their time at the job of pulling together information for the directors. And whereas boards used to be heavily weighted with production men, today's emphasis on marketing has given a strong board-room representation to distribution experts.

Much business give and take goes into the manner in which directors are picked. A bank almost certainly seeks executives of several large corporations, expecting to help handle their companies' accounts. Corporations, on the other hand, frequently seek out bankers not only for their business acumen but for the support they could give should the company encounter financial need. But boards also strive to recruit experts in such fields as law and international business and to draw as wide a geographical mix as possible. One of the functions of a good board is to act as a microcosm of business, enabling a company to get a quick reading on the state of business in general.

The Categories. Directors are difficult to type—and one board member may embody several types—but they usually fall into distinct categories. The ideal director, in many ways, is the top executive of proven judgment and success, whose experience is his passkey. Corporations today seek more such men, regardless of social background or personal wealth, although these factors still count for much. Other types: ▶ The man with connections, who knows many other businessmen and companies, Goldman, Sachs Partner Sidney Weinberg once sat on 35 big boards simultaneously and was valuable to all of them; through his directorships he became acquainted with the talents

of so many executives that U.S. business and Government used him as their prime "body snatcher."

► The investor with a big stake in the company. Most directors nowadays have only a nominal stock ownership in the big and broadly held companies they serve. But Chicago Industrialist Henry Crown, himself a major shareholder in General Dynamics and other companies, believes that "the best director is a man who has a good financial stake in the company." Wall Street's Charles Allen, whose personal fortune of some \$500 million speaks for his business skill, either controls or has major interests in most of the 20 companies on whose boards he sits.

► The scientist or educator, who is increasingly in demand because of his ability to grasp and explain complicated matters. Former Harvard Business School Dean Donald K. David lends his presence to nine boards, and University of Pittsburgh Chancellor Edward H. Litchfield serves on six.

► The retired military or Government leader. Lucius Clay, Omar Bradley and Arleigh Burke, among many others, have been drafted by boards that prize their experience under pressure, their prestige and Washington contacts. Eugene Black, former president of the World Bank, is now busier than ever as director of ten companies.

► The largely ornamental director, who may be talented but whose major contribution is often his name and wide variety of friends. The nation's busiest board member at present is George E. Allen, the onetime "friend of Presidents." He is a director of 32 companies as diverse as American Export Lines and Washington Mutual Investors Fund.

The Reason Why. Some businessmen are eager to get directorships simply to raise their own reputations, but the

stratagem rarely works: a board is joined strictly by invitation. Boards are not only selective but secretive and rarely reveal their rituals. Most are dominated by a few men, usually on the executive or finance committee. When a director wants to ease through a proposal, he lobbies to line up support from these men well before the meeting. Since decisions are usually made in advance and in a gentlemanly way, there are seldom any dramatic confrontations in the board room.

Without stepping into day-to-day operations, the directors oversee new products, pay scales, stock options and executive promotions. They also determine the size of dividends, give the final word on mergers and expansion plans. Most of all, they exercise an independent check on managers, often firing and hiring them. The man most responsible for lifting Lynn Townsend to the presidency of Chrysler is Pittsburgh's George H. Love, who is board chairman of both Chrysler and Consolidation Coal Co. When the Fruehauf trailer company skidded into the red, new management was brought in largely by Detroit Edison's Walker Cislser.

What motivates a man most to become a director? "Prestige, pride, interest and a sense of participation," says Zenith Radio Corp. President Joseph Wright. Certainly it is not the lagniappe. For each meeting they attend, directors collect anywhere from \$20 (American & Foreign Power) to \$300 (Union Carbide). Some companies pay annual retainers, ranging up to General Mills's \$10,000. But the responsibilities of sitting on a board usually exceed the rewards. "You couldn't hire many of these men for hundreds of dollars an hour," says American Motors Chairman Richard E. Cross. "They do it because they like business—the power and the thrust and the action."



GEORGE HUTCHINSON LOVE
Chairman,
Consolidation Coal

Chrysler
Hanna Mining
Mellon National Bank & Trust
Pullman
General Electric
Union Carbide



SIDNEY J. WEINBERG
Partner, Goldman, Sachs

Continental Can
General Cigar
McKesson & Robbins
Ford Motor
Champion Papers



CHARLES ALLEN JR.
Senior Partner,
Allen & Co.

Colorado Fuel & Iron
Frischbach & Moore
Random House
Real Properties
North Kansas City Development
Polarus Steamship
Allen Ranches
Pepsi-Cola
Warner Bros.
Telerequest
Bayou Interests
Cincinnati, Newport & Covington
Railway
Evergreen Park Shopping Plaza
Emco
Commercial Filters
Gre Carriers of Liberia
Grand Bahama Port Authority
Oden
Hudson Leasing
American Bosch Arms



WALKER L. CISLER
President,
Detroit Edison

Holley Carburetor
American Airlines
Detroit Bank & Trust
Eaton Manufacturing
Equitable Life Assurance
National Steel
Burrroughs
Fruehauf Trailer
Brazilian Traction, Light & Power
Chemical Bank N.Y. Trust
Atomic Power Development
Associates
Power Reactor Development
Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory



LUCIUS D. CLAY
Senior Partner,
Lehman Bros.

Lehman Corp.
General Motors
Allied Chemical
Chase Intl. Investment
Continental Can
Central Saving Bank of NYC
American Express
United States Lines
Aerospace



EUGENE R. BLACK
International
Financial Adviser

Intl. Tel. & Tel.
Chase Manhattan Bank
American Express
New York Times
Olin Mathieson Chemical
Electric Bond & Share
Royal Dutch/Shell
Franklin Publications
Julius Garfinkel
Bovary Savings Bank

WESTERN EUROPE

What Labor Wants, Labor Gets

Widespread unemployment once made Italian workers terrified of their bosses, but terror has turned to testiness. With jobs aplenty in present-day Italy, strikes are as common as wolf calls on the Via Veneto. Last week 800,000 textile and chemical workers struck to back demands that would push labor costs up 70%. Radio and TV employees entered the second month of a bitter dispute with management over

matic increases to keep wages in line with living costs; whenever the Italian cost-of-living index gains a point, industry must pay out \$52.8 million in added wages—and the index has risen 20 points in two years.

In fringe benefits, European workers already enjoy a system far broader than the best in the U.S. In Italy, fringes often include low-cost housing; in France, a four-week paid vacation for 65% of the work force; and everywhere, liberal retirement pay. Real wages are also increasing fast: last year



FRENCH WORKERS DEMONSTRATING AT NANTES
More like the U.S. in every way.

higher pay and job reclassifications. Roman commuters half expect bus drivers to walk out in the middle of the run, and a housewife never knows when she pops a pasta into the oven whether the gas workers will keep the pressure up until it is baked. The agitation for more pay is intense in Italy because wages are lower there than in most of Europe, but European workers in general are demanding increases at a rate that is bringing them slowly but inexorably toward the U.S. scale.

New Spiral. Each collective-bargaining bout tends to produce a labor contract that looks more and more like those in the U.S. One of the sharpest issues in Europe, as in the U.S., is the shorter work week—except that European workers are trying to pull their work time down from about 47 hours to near 40, while U.S. unions argue for a 35-hour week. The trend is also toward U.S.-style two- and three-year contracts that include built-in annual pay hikes. In Britain, 20% of the work force now comes under such long-term agreements, which help to cut down the disruption wrought by yearly battles. Other European contracts include auto-

matic increases to keep wages in line with living costs; whenever the Italian cost-of-living index gains a point, industry must pay out \$52.8 million in added wages—and the index has risen 20 points in two years.

Unpatriotic Boosts. On the surface, Europe's acute labor shortage hands unions a powerful lever to force management to give ground on wages. European governments hope that labor leaders will consider the overall interests of their national economies and hold demands within limits. German workers, haunted by memories of the worthless inflated marks of the 1920s, already show remarkable restraint, even though they are in one of the tightest of labor markets. The French government is having some success in its campaign to make any wage boost seem unpatriotic. In Britain, Italy and The Netherlands, however, union leaders appear more determined to press their advantage. But even there, they show a growing awareness that pricing their products out of world markets through excessive wage boosts could only result in eventual unemployment.

COMMON MARKET

Economic Courtships

In Brussels last week, Eurocrats debated the merits of the largest international merger in the Common Market's six-year history. The merger unites two firms whose trademark on roll film is familiar to the millions of camera-carrying tourists who have visited Europe. The two: Belgium's Gevaert Photo-Producten, also the world's biggest producer of X-ray film, and Germany's Agfa, Europe's biggest camera maker, which will join in a company that will control 12% of the world's photo business, more than any other firm except Kodak.

Many Europeans, fearing a resurgence of the powerful prewar cartels, still strongly oppose any big concentration of economic power. But businessmen and economists recognize the need for more large companies with the financial strength and facilities necessary for low-cost mass production. Says Gevaert's President Henri Capuyns: "I'm convinced that Common Market companies have to grow to Common Market size."

Seeking Footholds. President de Gaulle encourages French firms to join, and helped unite glassmaking Saint-Gobain with Pechiney, one of France's largest chemical companies. Because of De Gaulle's policy, many French businessmen expect the eventual linkup of the two big privately owned French automakers, Citroën and Peugeot. Mergers are also increasing in Britain, Switzerland and the Benelux countries. In West Germany, where the government is cartel-shy, there have been few big industrial mergers, and Italian businessmen usually shun them because of the heavy tax involved. More than half of the 300 mergers and joint ventures carried out by Common Market companies have been with companies that are outside the market and anxious to gain a foothold within it.

In general, the trend has been hampered by the lack of unified Common Market laws, by the fact that so many European companies are family-owned, and by restrictions on capital transfers. In order to get together and yet not violate national laws, Gevaert and Agfa had to set up separate jointly owned companies in both Belgium and West Germany.

Such difficulties have led to many relationships that stop a few steps short of outright merger. Common Market companies have entered into more than 30,000 marketing and manufacturing agreements. The Netherlands' Philips and Germany's Siemens jointly make and market phonograph records; Germany's Biele and France's Gillier sell their wools in each other's stores. Renault and Alfa Romeo handle each

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Dictaphone

other's autos: French and German airframe makers are cooperating on the building of a new military transport. When a licensing agreement or a marketing arrangement works out, the companies may then move closer; as in a courtship, merger is the last, though usually intended step.

Tariff Cuts. A powerful force is at work to speed up the corporate romances. Though internal Common Market industrial tariffs have already been reduced by 60%, most Eurocrats believe that it is the final 40% cut that will really open up competition and threaten many industries that have long been inefficient and overprotected. As the final tariff reductions take place during the next three years, courting companies are bound to begin thinking that one can survive more economically than two.

ITALY

End of a Feud

In Italy, where family feuds are common, an uncommon corporate vendetta has raged for a decade between E.N.I., the state oil monopoly, and Gulf Oil's Gulf Italia subsidiary. The grudge began after E.N.I. prospected unsuccessfully for oil around Ragusa in Sicily—and Gulf Italia, moving into the same area, brought in 50 wells. This victory by private enterprise so infuriated the late Enrico Mattei, E.N.I.'s leftist president, that he set out to drive Gulf Italia from Sicily. The Italian left, attacking foreign investors in general, jabbed especially at Gulf Italia's vice president and operating head, Prince Nicolo Pignatelli Aragona Cortes, scion of a noble family that claims Pope Innocent XII and Mexico's Conqueror Hernando Cortes in its lineage. Pignatelli seemed an easy target: he graces Roman society's lavish dinner tables, is a jet-set sportsman, and can be tough in business: when his Ragusa field was mechanized, he fired 700 of his 850 Sicilian workers.

Last week, to the astonishment of most Italian businessmen, the long feud between E.N.I. and Gulf Italia ended, and the two protagonists prepared to join in a \$150 million oil deal. Nicky Pignatelli, 40, is no man to run from a fight; he had held off the left by forcefully debating Mattei face to face, once successfully sued a Communist newspaper for libel after it accused Gulf Italia of using improperly obtained government surveys to locate its oil. On the other hand, the prince is not inclined to fight needlessly when a deal can be made. E.N.I.'s pipelines and service stations stretch from England to Ethiopia, but the state monopoly is short on crude to fill its refinery capacities, which will soon reach about 21 million tons annually. Gulf, like its competitors in the Middle East, has an excess of crude petroleum to work off, and Prince Pignatelli reasoned that E.N.I. would buy



GULF ITALIA'S PRINCE PIGNATELLI
Live well & fight hard.

some of the excess if he could make the deal attractive enough.

In return for E.N.I.'s purchase of 12.5 million tons of crude over a five-year period, Pignatelli offered to let E.N.I. operate and market the output of Gulf's Ragusa field, which had long been the main cause of friction between the two companies. E.N.I. bought the deal. Last week, as he waited for the formal signing, Nicky Pignatelli happily toolled his red Ferrari around Rome, where he likes to drive through the piazzas at high speeds. "Many princes are given them early," he said of the car. "I waited till 40 to get mine. I think I've earned it."

ICELAND

Airborne David v. Goliath

Against the competition from more than 100 huge jetliners flown over the Atlantic by the world's leading airlines, tiny Icelandic Airlines has pitted only five old-fashioned, slow, piston DC-6Bs. Yet while many big airlines are losing money on the North Atlantic run, Icelandic turns a handsome profit. Chief reason: its fares are so low that its planes fly with the highest load factor of any Atlantic carrier—80% v. 42% for Air France and 52% for Pan American. Last week Icelandic moved to offer a little more speed along with the low fares. For \$8,000,000 it bought two Canadair CL-44 turboprops that will cut Icelandic's New York-to-London flying time to eleven hours, compared with 16 hours for the DC-6Bs and six hours for the jets.

By refusing to join the International Air Transport Association, which sets identical fares for the world's major airlines, Icelandic remains free to underprice its competitors. Its fare between New York and London is \$231 v. a standard jet economy fare of \$263; between New York and Oslo it is \$250 v. \$305. When I.A.T.A. carriers cut their

fares in April, Icelandic plans reductions of its own to keep an average 20% below the I.A.T.A. level.

In its 20-year history, the line has not once been on government subsidy, last year carried 80,000 transatlantic passengers, twice the number it flew in 1953. Icelandic, which is owned by 700 Icelanders, is content with its small share of a big and growing market. Says Managing Director Alfred Eliasson: "We have no desire to kill any of the Goliaths, but wish only to continue living in the image of David in peaceful coexistence with the Philistines."

IRON CURTAIN

No Care for Profit

On an international scale, the Iron Curtain countries have learned at least one time-honored tactic of capitalistic competition: a surefire way to win business is to chop prices below those of your competitors. For more than a year, West European shipping lines have watched helplessly as East-bloc ships captured a growing share of European cargoes by underbidding established rates by as much as 50%.

Unlike West Europe's struggling merchant fleets, the state-owned Communist shippers—mostly Polish and East German—have no qualms about operating at a loss, and can thus carry goods at almost any rate they please. Their motives are far more political than economic. They seek political prestige by showing their flags on the world's seaways, and are glad to get badly needed foreign exchange even if the state has to pay a premium for it. Poland made \$43 million in exchange from its ships last year.

Agents for the Iron Curtain fleets have snatched away from West German shipowners almost all the \$10 million worth of dried-fruit shipments from Greece and Turkey to Europe by cutting rates from \$16 per ton to \$9. They have knocked \$6 per ton off the price of shipping cotton, \$4 per ton off the rate for iron ore. The Poles will haul steel beams from Benelux ports to Cairo for \$1.30 less per ton than West European lines; the East Germans won a contract to deliver 25,000 Dutch TV sets to Syria with a bid nearly 60% lower than any other.

The way the Communists play the game, there is no give and take. With a state monopoly on all imports and exports in their own countries, they bar the door against any Western price competition in Iron Curtain ports. The merchant fleets of West Germany, Britain, France, Belgium and Holland are feeling the pinch, and fear that it can only get worse. The Poles and East Germans have modern fleets totaling more than 300 ships, and they plan to double that number by 1970. The Soviet Union has 1,280 vessels, and it, too, is aiming at twice as many by the end of the decade.



OPENING NIGHT AT ROOSEVELT
A matter of the percentage.

HORSE RACING

Sport of Governors

The Roosevelt Raceway management did all it could to make the customers comfortable. Crews worked around the clock to clear 7 in. of snow from the track and the 250-acre parking lot (at a cost of \$10,000); 146 infra-red heaters burned above the seats, and low-pressure blowers swirled lukewarm air around the feet of the standees in back. The heaters hardly took the edge off the bitter 26° cold. But nothing could deter the horseplayers from their appointed rounds last week. And out they came for the opening of New York's 1964 harness-racing season—35,000 strong, only 1,000 less than for the closing '63 session last Dec. 7. At that, 15,000 bet-famished, fresh-money fans were turned away because there was no room in the parking lot.

It was the earliest opening for the trots in New York's history. In state after state the racing season, both trots and flats, is stretching into a year-round proposition. Maryland's Bowie race track opened Jan. 17, and advertised the fact by flying planes over Florida's winter tracks with banners reading COME TO BOWIE. Rhode Island's Lincoln Downs opened last week, and New York's Aqueduct will open March 16. The horseplaying virus is just one of the reasons. State governments set the racing seasons, and the states are discovering that the percentage they slice off the tracks' takes looms mighty large in the annual budget. At Roosevelt's frosty first night last week, a grand total of \$2,350,342 passed through the mutual machines, netting the sovereign State of New York a tidy \$235,000 in tax revenues—and moving New York's Republican Congressman Paul A. Fino to sigh: "Horse-racing is no longer the sport of kings—it's the sport of Governors."

AUTO RACING

"I'll Take Horsepower"

There is almost no limit to the lengths a man will go for pride. Take Texas' A. J. (for Anthony Joseph) Foyt. There he was, at Florida's Daytona International Speedway—in a sports car, of all things.

Fast cars are nothing new to Foyt: he practically cut his teeth on a camshaft. The son of a Houston garage owner, A. J. won his first auto race at the age of four—in a sealed-down midge with a one-cylinder engine and a top speed of 18 m.p.h. He quit school at 17 to turn pro, fought his way up from the dirt tracks of the Southwest to the big time and the big money at Milwaukee and Trenton and Indianapolis. In 1960 he won his first (of three) U.S. Auto Club championships; a year later he won the Indy 500. Now 29, Foyt is a \$100,000-a-year man, the king of the

oval tracks and the "big cars"—the burly Offenbacher roadsters that have only two gears (low and high), turn only to the left, burn a gallon of exotic fuel every four miles.

But sports-car racing, with its twisting courses, its slower speeds, its constant braking and shifting (up to 300 times on one circuit), is not supposed to be his cup of methanol. Going into the 250-mile American Challenge Cup race at Daytona two Saturdays ago, Foyt had driven a sports car only six times in his life.

More Time to Think. Foyt, however, had a little score to settle. Last year a couple of sports-car types named Jimmy Clark and Dan Gurney invaded Indianapolis, gave big-car racers a driving lesson by running circles around the Ollies in their tiny British-built Lotuses. Now Foyt was out to return the favor—by beating the sports-car boys at their own silly game. "Sports cars are easy to drive," he sneered. "You get more time to think. Sure, you have to study the course, and you have to downshift, and you have to learn how to brake. But I've always liked shifting gears."

The 37-car field included everything from Falcons and Corvettes to a pair of hot new Porsches. But from the moment the time trials started, it was strictly a two-car race. Clark was not there, but Gurney was—in a bright red Lotus 19 with a 375-h.p. Ford Fairlane engine. Foyt's car was an older, rear-engined Scarab (formerly owned by Millionaire Playboy Lance Reventlow), outfitted with a 430-h.p. Chevrolet power plant. "Horsepower," Foyt grunted. "That's what it takes to win"—and in practice he clocked a record 113 m.p.h. Gurney wryly picked up the gauntlet by ripping off a 115 m.p.h. lap. Nobody else came close.

Out of Gas. The starter's flag had barely fluttered when the duel began. The 3.81-mile course was part road, part track; in the infield, it snaked



FOYT LEADING GURNEY
A matter of pride.

through a series of sharp hairpin turns; then it swept onto Daytona's ultra-fast, banked stock-car oval. In the lighter, more maneuverable Lotus, Gurney picked up valuable seconds on the turns; Foyt got the seconds back by blasting around the oval flat-out at nearly 185 m.p.h. By the 20th lap, both had lapped the entire field. But neither one could shake the other. Sixteen times in the first 38 laps the lead changed hands, while both drivers nursed their cars carefully, hoping for a break that would put them in front to stay. On the 38th lap, it came: Gurney had to stop for gas. The gas tank of his Lotus held only 40 gal. v. 50 for the Scarab. In the pit, the Lotus's starter froze, and by the time Gurney got back on the track, Foyt was a full lap ahead. Desperately, he tried to close the gap, but the strain was too much; on the 42nd lap, the Lotus was out for good with a broken gearbox.

Foyt coasted to victory. "It got pretty lonely out there after Gurney left," he chuckled, posing for photographers with Miss Universe. "But I would have won anyway." Gurney was not so sure: "This issue between us is not at all settled." Other sports-car drivers grouched that Foyt won only because he had the fastest car. "That gearbox alone cost a few thousand dollars," said one, "and those Weber carburetors are the best there is." Said another: "I'd like to see him in a lesser car before I made up my mind how good he is." But Foyt, of course, got in the last word. Pocketing his \$5,500 winner's check, he snarled: "Heck, we're all in this for the money. They can buy the same stuff for their cars that I buy for mine. These sports-car boys figure that a little bitty car with a little bitty engine can win the big ones. Not me. I'll take horsepower."

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Luke Appling, 55: election to baseball's Hall of Fame. Famed, in approximately equal measure, for his 1) batting (.310 lifetime average), 2) versatility (he played first, second, shortstop and third), and 3) hypochondria (his teammates called him "Old Aches and Pains"). Appling loyally toiled for the Chicago White Sox for 20 years without ever playing on a pennant-winning team. "This makes up for it," he said.

► Jimmy Heuga, 20: the Kandahar men's combined championship, at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany. Only a week after he had come out of nowhere to win a bronze medal in the special slalom at the Winter Olympics, the young Californian won the Kandahar special slalom, placed second in the giant slalom, easily beat France's Leo Lacroix for the combined title. Another U.S. winner: Oregon's Jean Saubert, 21, who won the Kandahar women's slalom, beating France's Olympic Champion Marielle Goitschel.



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Rockwell Report



by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

THERE ARE TWO very obvious reasons why liability insurance costs are far higher than they need be for adequate protection.

One is "fake claims." A relatively small percentage of these are planned crimes; most start, perhaps, with a truly "accidental" accident, but then the legitimate claim is padded—either with or without the collusion of the injured party. The second main reason for unnecessarily high insurance rates is the exorbitantly high and frequently unmerited judgments awarded by the courts.

As we pointed out previously in one of these reports, "fake claims" and high judgments are effects rather than causes. Both result from the widely held belief that insurance money is "easy money" that costs nobody anything—except the "big, rich insurance companies."

This is not only the attitude of people filing claims and of juries awarding judgments, but also of many insured individuals and corporations. Even some insurance people seem to share this feeling. It is a kind of hopeless "let George do it" attitude that admits "somebody ought to do something" about unjust claims and judgments—but it's easier to let the insurance company pay than to fight.

A very positive solution could be the realization by insured corporations and individuals that it is not really the insurance company who pays at all; in the last analysis the policyholder pays. "Easy" insurance money comes out of his own pocket in the form of higher and higher insurance rates. And it is the policyholder who can hold these rates down by taking the time and trouble to fight unjust claims and overloading on all claims.

We're encouraged to see others showing interest in the problem. The Pennsylvania State Chamber of Commerce, for instance, has started a public education program to encourage all major Pennsylvania companies to carry this message to the people. Other state Chambers may wish to do likewise in this worthy effort to eliminate the abuses of padded and fake claims.

We rather expect to see pictures of household pets or pretty girls or travel scenes on the covers of the Sunday newspaper magazine section. One thing we don't expect to see is Rockwell taximeters. So it was a pleasant surprise to see our taximeter featured on the cover of the Christmas issue of a major New York newspaper. The only other object in the photo was a small Santa Claus doll that the driver had hung over the meter—an unusual but effective way of visualizing the Christmas theme in the big city.

The small shop owner should welcome the new six-inch Delta grinder from our Power Tool Division. He can reduce his tool inventory, since the grinder's low cost permits him to do his own grinding. The grinder can either be braked to stop or be reversed almost instantly. The latter permits grinding always on the downward motion of the wheel, making operation safer.

Rockwell parking meters are being installed in many places you wouldn't have expected to find them a few years ago. Take the field of higher education, for instance. It seems that college and university campuses have traffic problems, too. Their answer is to install Rockwell parking meters to achieve more equitable distribution of parking space. And the revenues produced by the meters help pay costs of acquiring land for parking lots.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, makers of Measurement and Control Devices, Instruments, and Power Tools for twenty-two basic markets.



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Born. To Hope Cooke, 23, Manhattan-born Maharani of Sikkim, and the Maharajah Palden Thondup Namgyal, 40: their first child, a son (the Maharajah has three children by his first wife, who died in 1957); in Calcutta.

Born. To Geraldine Page, 39, who played Tennessee Williams' fading beauty in *Sweet Bird of Youth*, and Rip Torn, 34, her third husband and co-star in last year's revival of O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*: their first child, a daughter; in Manhattan.

Born. To R. Sargent Shriver Jr., 48, Peace Corps director, and Eunice Kennedy Shriver, 41: their fourth child, third son; in Washington.

Married. Peter Sellers, 38, British funnyman (*Dr. Strangelove*); and Britt Ekland, 21, blonde Swedish starlet: he for the second time; in a civil ceremony in Guildford, England.

Married. Charles Haskell Revson, 57, chairman and chief stockholder of Revlon, Inc., purveyor of cosmetics with those wild, wild names (Pinkissimo, Pango Peach, Mocha Pocha); and Lynn Sheresky, 32, Manhattan divorcee: he for the third time; in Windsor, Conn.

Died. Joseph Armand Bombardier, 56, inventor of the Snowmobile, a Quebec auto mechanic who devised the tracked rough-weather vehicle in 1937, went on to build ten to 15 versions for such snowbound types as South Pole Explorer Edmund Hillary, the U.S. Canadian and Russian armies; of cancer; in Sherbrooke, Que.

Died. Clarence Budington Kelland, 82, tireless practitioner of the first basic plot (good guy wins), who in 61 years authored 10 million words chronicling the adventures of such homespun as Scattergood Baines, Mark Tidd and Mr. Deeds, dabbled in Republican politics on the side; after a brief illness; in Scottsdale, Ariz.

Died. Luke Edward Hart, 83, Supreme Knight of the Roman Catholic Knights of Columbus since 1953, who guided the fraternal order to a \$1 billion life insurance business among members, spent close to \$1,000,000 a year explaining the Catholic faith; of a stroke; in New Haven, Conn.

Died. Albert Henry Diebold, 91, a founder in 1901 and president until 1941 of Sterling Drug, Inc., who began business in Wheeling, W. Va., and with brilliant marketing and an unerring eye for mergers parlayed Neuralgine, an analgesic, into a \$250 million-a-year business (Novocain, Demerol, Bayer aspirin, Phillips Milk of Magnesia); in Palm Beach, Fla.



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DICKINSON, CURTIS & PECK IN "M.D."
S.P. and sympathy.

Nervous in the Service

Captain Newman, M.D. is a colossal, Eastman-Colored recruiting poster that makes a peculiar proposition: join the Air Force and see a psychiatrist. Unhappily, the Air Force turns out to be the same old Hollywood Air Force: the psychiatrist (Gregory Peck) too often acts as if Captain Newman were Private Hargrove; and the moviemakers seem relentlessly determined to popularize psychosis. In this picture, paranoia is personable, sadism is scenic, catatonia is cute, and life on the funny farm is fun, fun, fun!

It's fun to be truth-drugged by Psychiatrist Peck, a living doll of a twitch doctor who treats his patients as if they were people like himself. "One of these days," he squalls at them cheerfully, "you guys are gonna drive me nuts! Har! Har! Har!" Oh, that Peck really breaks the boys up, but he puts them all together again with sodium penothal and sympathy. One after another they go from snakepit to cockpit, secure in the knowledge that Freud is their copilot.

Take Colonel Bliss (Eddie Albert), a brilliant staff officer who cracks up under the strain of command. After a few weeks under Peck's care he—come to think of it, Colonel Bliss commits suicide. But take Little Jim (Bobby Darin), a sad sack in a flat funk until Peck shoots him full of s.p. For about ten minutes Bobby lies on a cot making faces like Harpo Marx; and then zowie! he's cured. He flies back to his unit, takes off on a bombing mission, runs into flak and—

Well, who cares about the patients when nurses like Angie Dickinson are on duty—not to mention Tony Curtis. Tony plays a male nurse, or maybe he's just a disorderly orderly, and he has even prettier teeth than Angie's. Unfortunately, he also has some impertinent jokes to tell, such as: "Whaddya mean, is psychiatry worth bothering

with? One of these men may become another Eisenhower!" But anybody who imagines that M.D. has exhausted the subject of service breakdowns, had better go see

Mon in the Middle, which deserts the airborne troops and takes an altogether sober look at a psychopath in khaki.

"What do you think I am," demands Keenan Wynn, "some kind of nut?" Fortunately for Wynn, that is exactly what Lieut. Colonel Robert Mitchum thinks. As an American Army officer full of paranoid fantasies, Wynn has admitted killing a British noncom stationed at his jungle outpost of Bachree because the sergeant was "defiling the white race" by consorting with native women. Mitchum, assigned to defend Wynn in a general court-martial, thinks that motive irrational enough for Wynn to plead insane and save his neck.

Trouble is, it is India in the year 1944. There's a war on, and at command HQ the best interests of Allied unity seem to demand the death penalty for a Yank who kills a limey. "He's got to hang," observes British Medico Trevor Howard. Only Mitchum thinks that justice must stand "apart from power and apart from might." All he has to do is locate the army psychiatrist who was shipped off to the bush because he wrote a medical report diagnosing Wynn's insanity. While looking, Mitchum consorts with France Nuyen, a plump little Eurasian nurse whose instinct for fair play seems limitless. "If you want to put your conscience on my pillow," she purrs, "it's all right with me."

Nothing is much better than all right in this black-and-white morality play adapted from Howard Fast's novel *The Winston Affair*. Mitchum plays Mitchum with laconic assurance, and a cast of veteran character actors is warmed



MITCHUM & NYUEN IN "MAN"
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A map of the United States with a network of lines representing flight routes. Major cities are labeled, including New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, and others. A large airplane icon is positioned over the central United States. Below the map, the text reads: "General Offices: Atlanta, Georgia". To the right of the text is a stylized logo consisting of a triangle with a circle inside it.

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Man's Favorite Sport? tries to capture the spirit of madcap comedy but turns out to be mostly old hat. As an ace sporting-goods salesman at the San Francisco emporium of Abercrombie & Fitch, Rock Hudson plays the kind of city-bred sottie who can't bear to eat a fish, much less catch one. But when



Actress Prentiss is an offbeat comedienne who sometimes spoils her flibbertigibbet appeal by straining for laughs that just aren't there. Maria Perschy, a German import who resembles Romy Schneider, plays Paula's roommate, which gives her a chance to carry messages back and forth and practice her English. The movie's chief support lies in a wagonload of outdoor gear supposedly borrowed from Abercrombie & Fitch. Of note to sportsmen is a pair of off-the-wall water-skiing steps in which the two girls fill the air quickly ballooning so big that they flip the occupant over in the water, head down. If a man can't get hold of a good line, he's in trouble. So is a comedy, for that matter, and this one steadfastly ignores the Sporting Fisherman's First Rule: if they don't measure up, put 'em back.

[illegible]



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Is car used in business other than to or from work? ☐ Yes ☐ No

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Age	Relation	Married or Single	% of Use

The Courage to Be

THE MARTYRED by Richard E. Kim.
316 pages. Braziller \$4.50.

The saints of modern fiction are not the God-drunk, but the nonbelievers—men racked with doubt but cursed with the will to survive. They find their strength not in faith but in despair, their heroism in acknowledging the prospect of their own extinction.

Such a man is the hero of this somber and remorseless first novel. As an examination of the theme, it can stand with the works of Camus, by whom it was inspired and to whom it is dedicated.

Twelve Who Died. Novelist Kim, 31, lays his scene in the North Korean capital of Pyongyang. The advancing United Nations forces have just occupied the city. The narrator is a South Korean political intelligence officer, who is entrusted with the job of investigating the deaths of twelve Christian ministers executed by the retreating Communists. Before they can be used for propaganda purposes as a symbol of spiritual triumph, however, the captain must discover why 14 ministers were arrested and only twelve died.

One of the survivors proves to be insane. The other, Mr. Shin, insists at first that he was separated from the others. If there is a reason for his survival, he tells his inquisitor, it is "divine intervention."

But Mr. Shin, it soon becomes apparent, is a tormented man. He intimates that he knows how the martyred ministers died—"like dogs, whimpering, whining, wailing," begging for mercy, denouncing their God and one another. He acknowledges at last that he was present at the execution, and he is denounced by the Christians of the city for renouncing his faith in order to sur-

vive. He adopts the role of public penitent and stands at the altar of his church glorifying the twelve martyrs, whom, he says, he has failed. "I let myself be paralyzed by the withering breath of despair!" he cries. "Blessed be the names of your martyrs! For they forgave me."

Chill Wind. The truth is, of course, quite different. Mr. Shin, refusing to issue a public statement supporting the Communists, had acted the role of a hero, as a captured North Korean officer privately reveals. He had been spared on a whim of the officers: "He was the only one who had enough guts to spit in my face. I admire anyone who can spit in my face. That's why I didn't shoot him." Mr. Shin's confession is thus shown to be a deliberate and calculated effort to take upon himself the doubts and failings of his congregation. "I am you, you are me, and we are one!" he cries, and the Christians of Pyongyang—having despaired of their faith in the horrors of war—take comfort both from Mr. Shin's admission of guilt and his assertion of new strength.

What Mr. Shin conceals from the congregation is that he has himself suffered a traumatic loss of faith. His harrowing dilemma is that of a man who understands the need for religion but cannot accept God. His disillusioned vision of Christ is of a "divinely mad young man, nailed to a cross, jeered at and hated, riddled by bloody Roman spears, helpless in the face of his enemies—the pitiful body of the alleged son of God, gasping, panting, sweating, bleeding, without a miracle to save him." And yet, torn by inner doubt as he is, when the Chinese Communists enter the war and the U.S. forces are forced to retreat to the south, Mr. Shin elects to remain with his congregation in Pyongyang. "We will give them their Christ and their Judas," Mr. Shin explains. For he has come to believe that what man needs is not the chill wind of reason, as the young narrator insists, but the healing balm of belief.

Aide-de-Camp. Novelist Kim's father was a North Korean landowner who was jailed by the Communists in 1945 for his defiant political activity. Kim fled to South Korea, was a student at Seoul University when the North Koreans invaded. He served during the war as aide-de-camp to General Arthur G. Trudeau; at war's end Trudeau helped him get to the U.S. and to Middlebury College. There Kim decided he wanted to be a novelist. He wrote to poet Paul Engle at the State University of Iowa, who wangled a fellowship for him in the university's creative-writing program. Kim completed most of *The Martyred* there. Now a teacher at California's Long Beach State College, he learned to write novels and to write English at the same time. He is far better at both than most U.S. practitioners can ever expect to be.



SAMUEL BECKETT
Metaphors of despair.

Goodbye to Godot

HOW IT IS by Samuel Beckett 147
pages. Grove Press \$3.95

Amid pantings and groanings and the passage of "vast tracts of time," a nameless subhuman progresses on hands and knees across a sea of mud at a fixed rate of 40 yards a year. He is teased by quavery memories of a nightmare picnic and a life with a woman somewhere "above."

Clear as Mud. Is this hell or is this life? Characteristically, in Samuel Beckett's world it seems to make little difference. But wherever his creature is bound, Beckett is clearly bent on re-creating the spiritual history of man. The crawler encounters another crawler called Pim and begins to "educate" him. "First lesson . . . I dig my nails into his armpit right hand right pit he cries I withdraw then thump with fist on skull his face sinks in the mud his cries cease end of first lesson." Pim learns not to cry but to sing when he is jabbed in the armpit. Why? Because, his tormentor reasons, he must say to himself, "This man is no fool, what is required of me that I am tormented thus not sadism pure and simple not that I should cry that is evident since when I do I am punished." Eventually, Pim and his tormentor, who admits to the name of Bom, exchange a few basic phrases, among them, "do you love me?"

Just as an unwary reader is about to decide that Pim is man in the hands of a tyrant deity, Bom himself embarks on a chilling step-by-step proof of the existence of some sort of God above them both. He remembers (or projects) an endless series of couplings like his with Pim and then a vast, ordered switching of partners as each Pim crawls on to find and torment a new Bom, and each Bom waits to be found and tormented by a new Pim. This elaborate pattern



RICHARD KIM
Motions of faith.



Brain fagged

Hours of exhausting concentration stretch into days, nights, weeks. Still this young doctor-to-be knows he has far to go before his reconstruction of a human brain is complete.

Time and again he has restrung those colored filaments that must mark exactly the course of perceptive and directive nerves. Time and again he's corrected his modeling of the intricately linked brain centers.

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of exchanged cruelty, Bom cogly reasons, suggests a supervisory being.

"No, it Ain't." Abandoned here, Beckett's book would have been a maddening parody of all human effort to pose the existence of God, either from man's need or from the ordered complexity of the universe. But the author presses on to a familiar clenched-jawed conclusion. Bom has imagined it all—the encounter with Pim, the divine listener, the grand design. He is alone in the mud with arms spread in the pitiful shape of a cross. His only solace is the belief that someday he will die.

The bland assertion of Beckett's title—*How It Is*—is likely to engender the irritated reply, "No, it ain't." Yet the real fault of this book and of Beckett's recent works is not the question of whether God exists or whether life has meaning. It is that despite Beckett's ingenuity, his touches of great eloquence, his flashes of brilliant wit, he simply has nothing new to say, and what he says over and over again does not much need saying. As with most of Beckett's metaphors for the human condition, *How It Is* begins as a small shock and ends as a small bore.

What Daring Did & Didn't

BURTON by Byron Farwell. 431 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$5.95.

When Richard Burton was eight years old, his mother paraded him up to a pastry shop window. As he admired the delicacies inside, she ordered him to walk on, remarking piously, "It is so good for little children to restrain themselves." Enraged, Burton smashed the glass, clawed out a tray of apple puffs, and ran. It was 1829. A lifelong battle between the unrestrainable appetites of Richard Francis Burton and the tastes of Victorian England had been joined.

Unhappily, both sides lost. During most of his scandalous and strenuous lifetime, Britain slighted Burton and Burton sneered at Britain. The eldest son of a prominent English family, he had the dark good looks, the brilliance and the energy to become one of the legendary men of his age. He made himself one of the greatest linguists in British history, was able to pass as a native in 29 languages. As an unofficial intelligence officer for the Indian army, he had submerged himself for months in the native population of Sind, collecting volumes of notes on everything from secret tribal alliances to the shape of women's breasts in Karachi. In 1853 he became the first Englishman to reach Mecca and live to write about it. In 1857, his expedition pushed some 800 miles through desert and jungle to discover Lake Tanganyika, and they were the first whites ever to come close to the source of the Nile.

Copulating Crocodiles. Despite all this, "Ruffian Dick" and the "White Nigger" were the epithets that polite

No kin to the Richard Burton.



Grant Wood's "American Gothic" is used with the permission of the New York Graphic Society and the Chicago Art Museum.

Which is the realistic picture of today's successful farm family?

In the depression year of 1932, Grant Wood did "American Gothic," a picture that has become famous—and also become a stereotype of the American farmer, dated as Chaucer's husbandman and country wife.

Meet the Clarence Holtkamps of Houghton, Iowa. Their two daughters and part of the farm plant can be seen through their picture window.

Clarence Holtkamp owns 160 acres, worth \$500 an acre; and rents another 110 acres. Through intensive fertilization of not very good land, he averaged last year 100 bu. of corn per acre for 135 acres; had fifteen acres in wheat which he sold for cash, and a feeder crop of oats on twenty-five acres. He owns two barns, a corn crib, machine shed, two tractors, and a half share in a combine, a corn picker, and a bailer. He fed 175 head of cattle, 600 hogs, and raised ten registered

Angus as a hobby. His annual income was about \$65,000.

BUT the significant part of his story is that since 1959 he has added rented acreage and virtually doubled his field and livestock output—met the price squeeze, steadily increasing his production, offsetting narrowing margins with greater volume, as a successful farmer must! And it is no coincidence that *Successful Farming* ranks top of the many publications Clarence Holtkamp reads.

Indispensable ingredient in today's farming is management—management of time, land, money, credit, crops, machinery, buildings, stock breeding and feeding; making the complex operation mesh and reach production at the best and most favorable period. *Successful Farming* is management guide to 1:300,000 of the country's best farm families, provides a service

not given by any other medium.

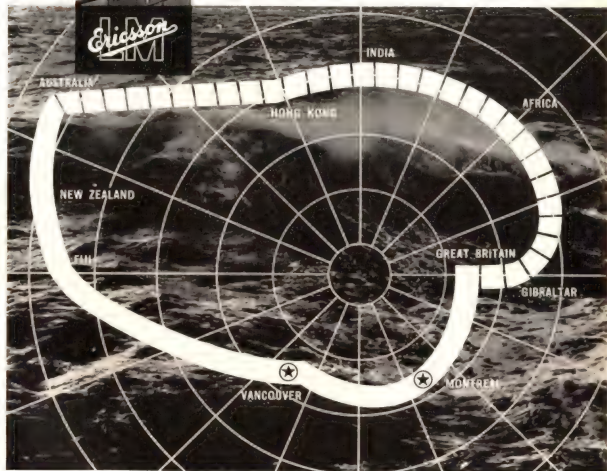
Sixty-three years of service has earned this magazine an influence few media can match—and is one of today's great class markets. The combination of influence and market makes an advertising medium that sells goods to farm business and farm families.

If you want to see greater results for your money, spend some of it in *Successful Farming*. And ask any SF office about the opportunities in SF's National, State & Regional Editions!





Why Ericsson was selected to provide automatic switching centers in the new global telephone link



Ericsson is playing a modest but significant role in the development of the new British Commonwealth round-the-world telephone link. The first two legs of the project, connecting England, Canada and Australia, were completed last Fall. A third link, from Sydney to Hong Kong, is scheduled to be in service in 1966. Later, the cable will be extended from Hong Kong to London via India, Africa and Gibraltar.

Ericsson has provided two vital elements in the sections of the link already opened: the automatic switching centers

in Montreal and Vancouver that permit direct dialing between continents.

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TIME, FEBRUARY 28, 1964

London society applied to Burton; and Her Majesty's government all but ignored his fantastic, if sometimes freakish, feats. Official distaste began when Burton wrote a detailed study of pederasty among the natives. He was promptly blackballed from future promotion in the British Indian Army. Thereafter, he never rose above the rank of captain or progressed beyond minor consular appointments in a belated career in the British foreign service.

Much of the public slighting of Burton was unjust—the pederasty study, for instance, had been suggested to him as a serious project by his commander, General Sir Charles Napier. Yet it is difficult to see Burton as a man more sinned against than sinning. For one thing, as

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Mrs. Grundy howled.

Author Farwell blandly puts it, "the only vice he did not practice was gambling." For another, Burton, who always referred to the proper British public contemptuously as "Mrs. Grundy," goaded the good lady abominably. On rare visits back to England he delighted in describing imaginary feasts at which he had fed on haunch of roasted baby. He invariably insisted that plural marriage was the only natural and proper wedded state for man. Rubbing his hands with glee over his new translation of the Persian love classic *The Perfumed Garden* (sample chapter: copulation with crocodiles), Burton chortled: "Mrs. Grundy will howl until she bursts, and will read every word with an intense enjoyment."

A Marble Tent. Most of Burton's more than 50 volumes are all but unreadable today, mainly because he never edited them. But nearly every volume contains sprightly and fascinating pas-

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sages. Whatever his official subject, Burton always spun off ideas that were often visionary and sometimes prophetic. Years before anyone else guessed, he said that mosquitoes cause malaria. He devoted paragraphs to the virtues of the Kola nut, which he claimed was an aphrodisiac and narcotic, and which he thought could be exploited as a drink. It was, as Coca-Cola. His textbook on bayonet fighting, though at first scorned by orthodox military men, was finally adopted by the British army after the Crimean War. Characteristically, the army did not see fit to place Burton's name on the title page, though the government did grant him the official minimum token fee for taking over his copyright—one shilling. Burton enraged the War Office by filling out all the necessary forms and collecting it.

After Burton's death, his long-suffering wife Isabel had the likeness of an Arabian tent erected in hideous stone and marble in Mortlake as his tomb and monument. A more cheerful and enduring relic of the real Burton, however, is his graceful and worldly translation of *The Arabian Nights*. Burton's running commentary—a matchless blend of pitchman's prurience and owlish anthropological insight—raises footnoting almost to the level of an art form.

A Short, Painful Life

MR. STONE AND THE KNIGHTS COMPANION by V. S. Naipaul. 159 pages. Macmillan. \$3.50.

This grotesque tale of a happy marriage has the unsettling effect on a reader of a stop-motion film, in which otherwise familiar flowers bud, blossom and decay in a few shallow breaths of a viewer's time.

Novelist Naipaul takes as his hero a 62-year-old bachelor, Mr. Stone, head librarian in a commercial firm, who treasures all the "uncreative years" of his life "comfortingly stacked away in his mind." But one day, sitting in the pub at lunchtime sipping his glass of Guinness, he becomes aware of a "new sensation of threat, nagging him at last into an awareness of his own acute unhappiness." He looks in a shop window on the way home and sees the reflection of an old man. In terror, he marries a widow and commences his life.

They suffer all the pangs of early marriage: "He became a 'man,' a creature of particular tastes, aptitudes and authority." Mr. Stone had only briefly felt like a man, when he sat at the head of the table at his sister's house. "It was intermittent solace which he welcomed but which he was in the end always glad to escape. Now there was no escape." He learns gradually that his wife is a "woman." They quarrel and make up over a midnight snack: "They went to the bathroom and got their teeth. They went down to the sitting-room and ate large pieces of cake."

A year passes, and in the first creative act of his life, Mr. Stone suggests



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That's Miami Radio you're listening to...advising you that perfect weather prevails in the Bahamas, first stop on your island-hopping family cruise through the Caribbean. In just half an hour you'll be in Nassau—scarcely possible to believe when you reflect that you had breakfast back home in Wisconsin, lunch with friends in Jacksonville.

Already, Miami Beach's "miracle mile" has slipped out of view behind the tail of your Piper Aztec and Bimini is sliding by to your left. Next landfall will be Andros, then Nassau on New Providence Island.

This is your first over-water hop and, in a sense, you feel let down. Nothing but beauty below, above and around

you. Come to think of it, what did you expect? Makes no difference to your Aztec whether you're flying over the blue Gulf Stream, or running down to Tulsa to see your sales agent, or taking a few customers on a hunting trip to the North Woods. Your modern miracle radios, which make navigating so easy for you, don't know the difference, either. They get you just as effortlessly from Miami to Nassau as from North Platte to Denver. And your Piper Auto-Control holds you unerringly on course, automatically.

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10,000	56.78	68.79	108.53
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to the head of his firm a scheme for keeping in touch with retired employees, sending the more active ones to visit the bedridden with small gifts and words of cheer. He sees it simply as "protection for the old." But the company sees it as grand public relations and names it the "Knights Companion" scheme, putting Mr. Stone in charge. He becomes a Personage in the firm; he and his wife redecorate their shabby home and begin to entertain. Mr. Stone's picture appears in the daily papers.

But in six more months he is ready for retirement, and he realizes ruefully that the firm "had taken the one idea of an old man, ignoring the pain out of which it was born, and now he was no longer necessary to them." His three-year-old life is over—and in both its brevity and its pain, it can stand for the life of any man who has committed himself too late to living.

Ace-High Straight

THE CINCINNATI KID by Richard Jessup. 154 pages. Little, Brown. \$3.95.

This book has its faults, but none that couldn't be straightened out by Paul Newman and Jackie Gleason. The story is to poker what *The Hustler* was to pool.

The Newman figure is the Cincinnati Kid—still in his 20s but already "a three-river rambling-gambling man," acknowledged among card men from "the East River" (the Ohio) to "the West River" (the Missouri) and all up and down *The River* from St. Louis to "Noorlins." He sits down with the nationally established five-card champion and tries to replace him as The Man.

Author Richard Jessup, a former merchant seaman from Savannah who once worked as a dealer in a gambling joint in Harlem, tells a cool, good story. His language is as spare as the language of the men he is writing about, but his work has the topography a novel needs. One of Jessup's real achievements is the sense he gives of the fraternity among gambling men: they may be hustlers when they are playing with amateurs, but they are knights to one another. When a man is broke, he takes Tap City—a handout from the other players in the game. It is living-expense money to get restarted on, all of which must be paid back before the loser can sit down with his fellow pro again.

The poker itself has a nice ring of language. "The raiser came back with a touch, a breath, feeling his way into those checking queens like a man tumbling in the dark." But ultimately the technical side of the novel turns on a confrontation of hands that are bet with a foolishness that belies the experience claimed for the players. Against a pair of tens showing, the Kid's opponent matches a 52,000 bet after three cards on the strength of a possible flush. Win or lose, anyone called The Man ought to be called The Boy for doing that.



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A large, clear glass filled with golden-brown bourbon and a single large, textured ice cube. The glass is set against a vibrant, colorful background of a crowded stadium at night, with bright lights and a large archway visible in the distance. The scene is lively and festive, suggesting a social gathering or celebration.

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